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TWO.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

High on the hills Lord Heron he dwells;
Kindled sheep on the mountain he watches;
Watching the bees in the heather-bells
Merrily swinging to and fro.

Young Lord Heron has left his state,
Donned the clothes of a country lover;
Stolen out of the postern gate,
A stilly shepherd to wander away!

Rosalind keeps the heart of a child;
Gentle and tender and pure is she.
John, the shepherd, is homely and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lea.

Never a swain has whispered before
What she hears at the door of day;
"Roses of roses, I love thee more—
More than the sweetest words can say.

"Though I seem but a shepherd lad,
Down from a stately race I came;
In silks and jewels I'll have thee clad,
And Lady of Heron shall be thy name."

Rosalind blushed a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorne's blow;
Folded her skirts over her head,
And sped away like a startled doe.

"Rose of roses come back to me,
Leave me never!" Lord Heron cried;
"Never!" echoed from hill and lea;
"Never!" the lonely echo replied.

Loud he moaned a year and a day;
But Lady Alice was fair to see.
The bright sun blessed (hel) bridal day
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors, like a tolling knell
Rosalind hears them slowly peal;
Low she mourns: "I loved him well,
Better I loved his mortal weal."

"Rest Lord Heron, in Alice's arms;
She is a lady of high degree;
Rosalind hath but her peasant charms;
Yet had I died the day ye wedded me."

Lord Heron he dwells in his castle high;
Kneeling sleeps in the moor below;
He loved to live, she loved to die;
Which loved truest the angels know.

THE BECKERTONS.

A TALE FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ON DANGEROUS GROUND."

CHAPTER I.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton lived in a snug house in Vine street.

A very snug house. A three-story brick, twenty-one feet front, with a fine yard in the rear, where their younger children delighted to romp and play throughout the livelong Summer mornings.

But Mrs. Beckerton was not satisfied. The house had no back buildings, the kitchen was so dark and dismal, there were no modern conveniences, and last, but not least, the street was by no means a fashionable one.

Unfortunately, her husband was perfectly satisfied with their present location, and his wife was at a loss what course to pursue to weaken his attachment to the house, and thereby lessen the opposition that she was sure of meeting whenever she should broach the subject of removal.

She waited in vain for an opportunity, and finally, in sheer desperation, she announced her determination of a change to her husband in the following manner:

"Mr. Beckerton, I am tired and sick of housekeeping in this old barracks of a house. It's enough to wear one out to keep this old wood decent. I've made up my mind to go to boarding."

Mr. Beckerton looked up from his paper with a stare of amazement, but he said nothing. His wife continued:

"Here's our dining-room way down in the front basement, and not another place in the house for a sitting-room; and if you happen to think of anything you want, you have to go two pairs of stairs, and then down again. I declare to gracious, my back's most broken!"

"I think if it had been going to break, it would have broken before this," answered Mr. Beckerton, dryly.

"That is the way with you men, you have no sympathy. A woman may slave herself to death in your service, and it's all the same to you; before the grass is green upon her grave you are married again, and that's the way the world goes."

"I wonder you think it necessary to get wives, if they are so abused and unappreciated," answered Mr. Beckerton, in the same dry tone.

"Well, I'm sure I don't want to quarrel this morning, but I do want to enjoy life a little; and that's what the mistress of this house will never be able to do. I suppose I ought not to expect it. I suppose I ought to be content, now that I have raised a large family. The oldest is capable of taking care of the youngest, if I should be taken away; and I suppose I shouldn't be missed any. But I do seem hard, it does indeed. There's the Maxwells and the Pembertons and the Prices—all of them used to live in this same row, and now one of them has a house in Spruce street, and the other two live elegantly out Walnut street. I am sure we are as able as they, to have things handy and convenient."

"Why don't you be honest, Rachel, and speak your mind out at once? You know, in your dictionary 'handy' and 'convenient' mean stylish and fashionable.

"Now, Mr. Beckerton" (for I haven't the least wish to be fashionable. That's the way you are always doing me injustice. I wouldn't have anything to do with fashionable people, I despise them."

"Rachel, did you ever read Æsop's fables?"

"No, my dear, what made you think of that?"

"Oh, never mind, I'll buy you a copy one of these days, to remember me by when I'm dead and gone, and ain't missed say, and you are looking out for another husband, and——"

"Mr. Beckerton, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You ought to have more respect for my feelings than to talk in this way. Another husband, indeed! I've had enough of one, I reckon; I shouldn't want another in a hurry."

"I sincerely hope, Rachel, you will not have an opportunity of testing the truth of what you say. I am not anxious to resign my claim upon you to another, although I have heard it pretty broadly insinuated that I was henpecked."

"Henpecked! Well, I never! Mr. Beckerton, you are the most aggravating person that I ever heard talk. Henpecked! Well, it that doesn't beat all, when every body knows that you have your will and way about every earthly thing. But I will have my way once; I've a good right to it, and now I say, in plain terms, I am not going to live in this house any longer."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Mr. Beckerton, as he arose, and quietly lit his cigar with a taper, "very sorry to hear that, (puff,) I hope you will come and see me once in a while, (puff,) I shall miss you, that's a fact, (puff,) I shall have quiet times; terribly dull, I'm afraid."

The cigar was now fairly lighted, and without waiting an answer, he took his departure.

His wife sat down sad cried, and she felt better after it.

She was not discouraged. She had examples in the past of what her perseverance had accomplished, to reassure her.

There was a house up Arch street to let—not exactly the street she would have chosen, but she considered it a beautiful medium between the one she had lived in and the more fashionable part of the city. She had seen the house only the day before, and she had made up her mind to have it.

Mr. Beckerton did not come home to dinner that day. He was afraid of a scene—not but that he felt able to sustain his part, but being naturally of a quiet disposition, and remembering that "discretion was the better part of valor," he preferred avoiding danger to rushing into it.

At supper-time, he found the tea-table temptingly arrayed with his favorite dishes. He was delighted at finding his wife in such a good humor. Poor man! although recalling so distinctly in the morning, the fable of "The fox and the grapes," the equally instructive one of "The spider and the fly" entirely escaped his memory.

The preserves were sweet, but Mrs. Beckerton's honeyed speeches were sweeter. The broiled steak was done to a turn, so was Mr. Beckerton's heart done for before the evening was over. The coffee escaped rich and odorous from the steaming urn; so did his tender words from the depths of his cup of fragrant affection. The hot cakes were luscious; so were the fond kisses from Mrs. Beckerton's ripe lips, as, supper over, she drew out the large rocking-chair, and after helping her liege lord on with his dressing-gown and slippers, she made herself as agreeable as all married ladies can to their husbands when they choose.

The next day the house in Arch street was rented.

CHAPTER II.

And now Mrs. Beckerton was in her glory. To do her justice, she was a most excellent housekeeper, and not a spot escaped her vigilant eye; either on the woodwork, window glass, or ceilings of their residence that was to be.

At length, painters, paper hangers, house cleaners, and the "gentlemen of the white-washing profession" were through. Every thing, to use her own expression, was in "apple pie order" for their removal. But no sooner was every vestige of dirt discovered. The Brussels carpet, which she had purchased but the year before, was found, upon examination, to be totally unfit for their new parlor. She stood looking upon it with a most forlorn countenance, as it lay spread out, with the bare wood of the floor extending several feet beyond it in every direction, and the ugly slashes yawning open, which in their old home had been fitted so snugly around the folding-doors.

"I declare! It's enough to make one sick What shall we do, Mr. Beckerton?"

"Buy a new one one, I suppose." I told you that the difference in the rent would be but a small item in the expense of moving," answered Mr. Beckerton, with a calmness that encouraged his wife to suggest other improvements.

"Well, after all, it won't be any loss, for you know we were going to have new carpets for the library, and the sitting room, and the match, this and with a few yards more make it answer for both. I do wish that, while we are moving, you felt it necessary to have new furniture for the parlor. You know Lydia is to come home from boarding-school next month, and now that she is old enough to go into company I should like her to have things so that she wouldn't be ashamed of them. For my own part, I don't care a straw, but you know these sofas and chairs are dreadfully old fashioned, and nobody sees a pier-table now-a-days, excepting in second-hand stores. I would like, for her sake, to have things a little less shabby."

Mr. Beckerton's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I have been thinking, Rachel, that possibly you would like to have different furniture, and had made up my mind to let you purchase the best that was to be found, while you were about it. Had it not been for your management and economy, things would have gone very differently in this household, and I felt quite willing to indulge you; but if my wife don't care a straw about it, I am not going to incur so heavy an expense for the sake of a child that has just got her pantalettes off," and Mr. Beckerton, turning his back to his wife, walked to the window to hide the roguish smile on his face.

Mrs. Beckerton had long ago found out her husband's fondness for teasing, so his present speech had no effect upon her; and really appreciating his kindness, she followed him to the window, where she quite succeeded in convincing him that the gratification she should experience in having new furniture, would proceed from the most unselfish motives in the world, inasmuch as her husband and children were all she lived for, and to see them happy was all that she desired.

Thus easily did Mrs. Beckerton glide from hair-cloth and mahogany into brocatelle and rosewood, and her husband, who was anxious as herself to have things correspond, joco sely told her that, as he had made up his mind to be ruined, she might as well get mirrors and curtains; for the parlor, being large, did not look furnished without them. This, however, Mrs. Beckerton often preferred to do there with her work, while her husband smoked his cigar.

No one would have suspected this quiet business man of possessing a taste for literature; but his book-cases were not only well stocked with the works of the standard writers of his own language, but they exhibited an imposing array of volumes in German, Italian, and French, with all of which he was completely conversant.

Mr. Beckerton, leaning his head back against the morocco-cushioned arm chair in which he sat, looked the very picture of contentment, as he watched the smoke wreaths curling up to the ceiling. Pausing a moment, after knocking the ashes from his cigar, he said:

"So you won't get the mirrors or the curtains; you think them a useless extravagance?"

"And so they are," answered Mrs. Beckerton, nodding her head emphatically. "I don't see what under the sun has got into you to think of such things. I never knew you before to propose buying anything, excepting marketing for the family, and books for yourself and the children. Yes, I remember one thing; but that was a long time ago," and Mrs. Beckerton glanced fondly down upon an old-fashioned brooch that she wore.

"Well, my dear, supposing I was that owing to steady attention to business and an economical wife, I have been able to——looked rather roguishly at his wife, he paused, who was bending over her sewing, and continued—"to lay up a little something."

"To lay up a little something" repeated Mrs. Beckerton, rather sharply, "and now, I suppose you are going to spend the *little something*." I can tell you what, Mr. Beckerton, if you had had some wives, they would have spent it for you long ago."

"I know it, I know it, my dear. You have been an excellent wife. I have no fault to find with you. Indeed, I don't think we should have been any happier, even had our tastes been more congenial; although I have sometimes wished that you could forget your household duties long enough to listen to passages from my favorite authors, that struck me as being particularly beautiful or forcible."

"You may thank your stars, Charles Beckerton, that my fancies did not lead me that way. I had look at Mrs. Spencer. There's a congenial spirit for you! I declare. I never see her poor husband that my fingers itch to run to the buttons on his shirt for him. And the children—it's enough to make anybody's heart ache to look at them. Well, if anybody wants literary wives, they are welcome to them, or literary husbands either, as to the matter of that."

"Now, Rachel!"

"Well, I can't help being a little provoked. You tried your best to spoil me when we were first married, teaching me German and such fandango. It's a mercy I didn't take to it. My jaws used to ache half an hour after pronouncing those Dutch words. Heigh, ho, how, I wasn't long before I had my hands full, and then there was no time to waste that way."

Mr. Beckerton laid down his cigar. He got up, brushed carefully from his coat a few specks of ashes that had fallen upon it, re-arranged his neck-tie in front of the mantle glass, and then, with his hands folded complacently behind him, walked up and down the length of the library.

"Rachel," he said, at length, "how much do you suppose I am worth."

"I'm sure, how should I know? You never tell me anything about your business, and I have enough to think about without bothering my head about it. Just look here at Harry's pantaloons," and she held up a pair over which she had been busy the last hour. "Did you ever see anything so thin? That boy is too trying for anything; he is always on his knees playing marbles."

"Well, never mind Harry now. Do you suppose I have cleared fifty thousand dollars since I have been in business?"

Mrs. Beckerton dropped the pantaloons which she was holding up to the light.

"Fifty thousand dollars! No, indeed! Let me see, the interest of that is how much?"

"Three thousand."

"Well, we never spend over fifteen hundred, and you are always talking about keeping within our income!"

"Yes, but it does not necessarily follow that a man must spend his whole income. If we had done so, Rachel, I should have been worth less than a hundred thousand dollars, instead of considerably over it, as I am now."

At this announcement, Mrs. Beckerton looked up in blank amazement—the pantaloons fell from her hands to the floor, and her face grew crimson.

"I don't believe a word of it," she said; "you couldn't have kept it secret from me so long, and if you could you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Mr. Beckerton smiled, walked around to the back of her chair, and holding her head between both of his hands, tried to kiss her into a better humor; but she was not to be thus easily mollified. She struggled until she had disengaged herself, and then, picking up pantaloons and sewing implements, she made for the door, where she paused long enough to say:

"You need have no fears now but that I'll get the curtains and mirrors, yes, and every earthly thing I want. Over a hundred thousand dollars! And I slaving all the time at home. A great fool I was for doing it."

"Stop a moment, Rachel; I wish you to listen to me," said Mr. Beckerton. "It was from the best motives that I kept this knowledge to myself. Expenses always increase instead of lessening; and had you known how rapidly we were accumulating, it would have been but natural that your wants would have increased in proportion. I can assure you, my dear, that I have been as much a slave to business as you have been to your domestic concerns, for I was anxious to put ourselves beyond the reach of want before old age comes upon us. Now, come back, like the good wife you have always been, and let us talk about the curtains and the mirrors. You will want them before Lydia comes home; and let me tell you now, that whatever else you need; you are perfectly welcome to get, for I know economy has become a habit with you, and I have no fears of your being led into extravagancies beyond our means. I have made money, and you have saved it, and we will both enjoy it now—will we not?"

Mrs. Beckerton was appeased. She suffered her husband to draw her back into the room; and they passed the remainder of the evening in devising plans for the future, both for the children and for themselves.

And so it came to pass, that when Lydia came home from boarding school, she found the parlor glistening with mantel and pier mirrors, and the plate glass windows more than half concealed by heavy lace draperies, and embroideries of lace as white as the snowflakes she had left upon the meadows of the New England village, where for the last six months she had been at school.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton's olive plants deserve more notice than they have yet received at our hands.

Lydia, the eldest, or Lillie, as she preferred to be called since her return from boarding school, was in her sixteenth year, very pretty and very romantic. She inherited all her mother's firmness, together with a fair proportion of her father's literary tastes. There was not quite two years difference in the age of herself and her brother Edward, of whom she was very fond, notwithstanding there was so little sympathy in their pursuits. Edward had an utter abhorrence of books and copied his sister's compositions regularly every week, by which he would have received great credit, had he not, when praised for his ability, confessed the truth regarding them. The twins, Evelina and Sophronia, Eva and Effie, as they were called, were twelve years old, slender, delicate girls. Next came Harry—the life of the household—a reckless, happy boy, full of fun and mischief as he could be, annoying every one with his tricks, and yet making up for all by his frank, affectionate ways. And last, was Rosalinda—darling little Rosa, with her long, brown curls clustering around as winsome a face as ever artist copied. She was the sunbeam that filled with brightness every room where was heard the patter of her little feet, or her childish laugh. Rosa was her father's pet, she it was who every night hurried to the door at the sound of the key turning in the deadlatch, to get the "first kiss," and afterward what strenuous efforts she made, with her chubby, dimpled hands to pull down his dressing-gown, and wheel in front of the glowing grate his ponderous arm chair. When with her father's assistance, this was accomplished, and he was seated therein a bachelor would have envied the fond pride with which he lifted his darling to his arms, pressing close to his broad breast her flushed face, with its disordered curls streaming around it, and rewarding her exertions with some mythological tale, which, by ingenious interpolations, he made as fascinating as any fairy lore.

Mrs. Beckerton professed to have no favorite, but it was plain to be seen that Lillie was the one in which she took the most pride. Lillie's tastes were always consulted; Lillie's wishes carried out; and in justice to the young lady, be it said, she repaid her mother's fondness with as devoted an affection as the most doting of mothers could have desired.

Of her father Lillie was very proud, and that was not to be wondered at. Having married when barely twenty-one, he was now in the prime of life, and a remarkably fine-looking man. She would sit by the hour listening to the easy flow of his language, as he conversed with his friends, gliding from one subject to another, equally at home with all. It was evident, by the glow of admiration which lit up Lillie's face at such times, that she considered her father a Burke in eloquence, a Humboldt in science and a Rothschild in financiering matters. Such ambitious dreams did Lillie have with regard to her family, that it would not have surprised her in the least to have been awakened some morning with the intelligence that her father had been elected President of the United States. But while his daughter saw so much in him to reverence and admire, the generality of those by whom he was surrounded looked upon him as a plodding, painstaking man, whose whole time and attention were absorbed by his business. It was his pleasure that he should be so considered; and very seldom did he reveal to anyone such glimpses as his inner life as to create a surmise that he might be a man of more than ordinary genius.

Most certainly, his wife had not been the one to discover it, and even if she had, she would have been none the happier.

One night the family were gathered around the large centre table in the sitting room, with the exception of Rosa, who was asleep in the crib, and Mr. Beckerton, who was always absent on Tuesday evenings, it being Academy night. Mr. Beckerton never allowed anything but sickness to prevent his attendance on the meetings of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of which he had been a member for many years. Mrs. Beckerton had once been in a side the walls of this building, but she was so wearied then by her husband's scientific explanations, that he was never able to entice her there again. It was evident by her remarks—such as "she should think they might let the dead rest in peace"—that she considered them no better than a body of resurrectionists; and when Edward drew her away from the cases devoted to cranology, to show her some beautiful birds, she grew highly indignant that 'they could not let even the poor birds alone to die a natural death, but, like a parcel of wicked schoolboys, must kill them for their own amusement, and waste their time in stuffing them up, with their eyes wide open, and standing so stiff and straight, that I made Harry tired to look at them." Very matter of fact was Mrs. Beckerton—not at all appreciating efforts for the advancement of science—but a very devoted wife and mother, nevertheless.

The evening we were speaking of, Mrs. Beckerton, as economical as ever, despite her wealth, had taken her basket of mending. Lillie was stitching a fine plaited piece of linen, that looked like a shirt bosom. Edward was sketching profiles on a piece of paper, when he ought to have been writing his French translations. The twins were whispering over some very private piece of work, portions of which they kept covered with their aprons. Harry lay sprawled out upon the carpet, looking up at the ceiling, evidently lost in reverie, inasmuch as he was quiet for a few moments. Beside him lay his skates, which he had been newly rigging up, and some fishing tackle, that he had got out in expectation of warmer weather. Mrs. Beckerton looked anxiously over her shoulder to see what kept Master Harry so still, fearing he might be in some mischief.

"What are you thinking about, Harry?" she said.

"Nothing," was Harry's first answer.

"Yes I was, too," he added presently. "Lyddy, somebody's fallen in love with you."

"Mother," said Lillie, "I wish you would make Harry call me something else. It's too bad—he calls me Lyd and Lyddy right before every one."

"Harry, what good does it do you to tease your sister so? Why don't you call her Lillie? You know she would rather be called so," said his mother.

"Yes, but it ain't her name though, and if Lyddy was a good enough name for your mother, I guess it's good enough for her. I'm sure I wouldn't care what you call me, so you don't call me late to dinner, as Uncle Joe says."

There was a pause, during which Lillie's thread knotted so badly that she made slow progress with her stitching. She was excessively anxious to know who it was that Harry spoke of, but she would have died sooner than ask the question.

"I say, Daffydowndilly, somebody's fallen in love with you," broke in Harry, at length.

Finding that Lillie maintained a dignified silence, he continued—

"Somebody that's coming to-morrow morning to look at my fishing tackle, and bring me some new flies. You needn't laugh, Ned—of course he's coming to look at my fishing tackle, and you don't know him either—he's bigger than you are."

"What nonsense are you talking about Harry?" said his mother.

"It isn't nonsense, it's the truth. Now, I'll just tell you all about it," and Harry seated himself in a chair beside the table, feeling very large in the possession of a secret which he could keep to himself no longer. "I was up in Jim Grayson's yard, playing marbles, and his brother Alfred asked me what my biggest sister's name was.

At this juncture, the hitherto dignified Lillie began to fidget.

"What do you think I told him, Daffy?"

"Why I know what you told him—you told him Lyddy of course."

"I didn't tell him any such thing. I told him we called you Lillie, and he said it was a pretty name, but not half so pretty as you were. He's a bird, mind I tell you. He went on talking about my skates, and sled, and he said he'd bring me in some. I guess he thought I was green; he can come here if he wants to—I'll be very glad of his flies—that if he ever does come. I'll kick him out of the house, so I will, for I am going to marry you myself, just as soon as I am old enough."

The twins, who had dropped their work, in order to pay undivided attention to the story, now laughed merrily.

Mrs. Beckerton smiled gravely.

"Look at Lil," shouted Ned; "see how she's blushing up to the roots of her hair, at her prospective marriage with Alfred Grayson."

"It is no such thing," answered Lillie, indignantly. "A boy of sixteen, who wears roundabouts! When I get married, it will be to no stripling, I can assure you. I would rather marry a man as old as father."

Meantime, Harry, unnoticed, had slipped down underneath the table, and adroitly abstracting from the lap of the twins their work, danced around the room, holding up to view a doll's dress in one hand and a doll in the other.

"O what a shame!" cried Effie

"I don't care—I think you are real naughty!" said Eva, sulkily, "to go and spoil all our fun."

"Playing with dolls!" exclaimed their mother—who would have thought it of such big girls."

"Oh," said Eva, "it ain't—"

"Hush!" whispered Effie, reaching under the table to pull Eva's dress, "they needn't know anything about it." Then turning to her mother, she said, "You can take your choice mamma—dolls or beaus; you know when you are done with one you begin with the other."

Mrs. Beckerton did not reply. She was deeply absorbed in her work at that particular moment.

The twins were preparing the doll for a Christmas present for Rosa, and that no hints might be given to her, they had to keep their own secret. Thanks to Effie's ready wit, it was not mistrusted, and they went joyfully on with their labor of love.

The next morning Harry waited till schoolhime, and then reluctantly took his departure, for no Alfred Grayson made his appearance, nor were the promised flies forthcoming.

The young gentleman had proposed the visit in perfect good faith, but on a sober reflection, it struck him as being rather an absurd way of introducing himself, and therefore he concluded to wait until he could make the acquaintance of the elder brother, and thus obtain an entree under more favorable auspices. He was not long in accomplishing his wishes, and before Christmas, he became a constant visitor at the Beckertons.

The merry Christmas—which all were looking forward to with so many joyful anticipations. Each member of the family was preparing some pleasant surprise for another. Lillie and Edward kept the doors of their rooms locked, and no one could discover what they were about, but wherever the twins went, so many bits of pasteboard were dropped, and so many strips of silk fluttered after them, that it was easy to guess that pin cushions and needle books took up their time and attention.

Harry was exessively private over some chains and peach stone baskets that he was carving for Rosa, and she, the darling, had coaxed Lillie into teaching her to embroider on two book markers, the sentence, "For my dear Papa," and "For my dear Mamma.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckerton brought home mysterious bundles, that were packed away in a closet, the key of which was taken out, and there Rosa daily attempted to discover something.

There were a few days in which Mrs. Beckerton was scarcely ever in the house, excepting at her meals, during which time she visited nearly every second hand book store and book stall in the city. She had heard her husband express to a friend his desire to obtain some volumes that were now out of print, and his friend's reply, that he had found at second hand shops when there was not a new copy to be had in the city, encouraged her to her perseverance in looking for them. Her efforts were rewarded with success, and she returned home with a beaming countenance, the volumes under her cloak, regardless of the rain in which she had been caught, although she was drenched to the skin. She locked the books away, changed her wet clothing for dry, and so delighted was she with her bargain, that all the evening her face was radiant with smiles, notwithstanding Harry upset the cream cup on the spotless table cloth—a misfortune which, under ordinary circumstances, would have entirely destroyed her equanimity. Her husband was so charmed with her appearance, that he several times left his chair to bestow some affectionate caress upon her, and as the evening drew near a close they grew quite merry, in recalling incidents of their days of courtship, while Lillie and Edward enjoyed the reminiscences almost as much as them selves.

"Mother must have been beautiful when she was young," said Edward to Lillie, in

a low tone, leaning around the table as he spoke.

"I think she's beautiful now," answered Lillie, "just look at her cheeks and lips—they're as red as roses, and how soft and bright her eyes are. Dear mother, I never saw her look better."

Mr. Beckerton divined the subject of this conversation from the expression of the eyes, and blushed with delight.

"Your mother is very handsome, and so she child will be, my dear, when she is the sister one of these days. I hope."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Beckerton. "I thought by this time you had forgotten how to flatter. There's no use, I see, there is nothing else to do, and I'm tired and worried enough to be excused for a little nonsense. Lillie, you must go to bed, but you can't go without saying good night to your father, and I must see after some errands. I am going to do differently."

What can Lillie do, with her boarding-school education? Not much to help you, I warrant," said Mr. Beckerton, jocosely.

Indeed I can," replied Lillie. "Wait until you see what I have for your Christmas present."

The mother and daughter exchanged fond and meaning glances.

"This is a great Christmas," said Mr. Beckerton. "I haven't anticipated one half so much since I was a child. Of course, all I do will be for the youngsters, mother, don't want anything. She lives for you, children, and will be quite satisfied if you get your stockings full," and he looked roguishly into the soft brown eyes that were fixed tenderly upon him.

"No, I am sure I don't want anything. What more could I ask for? I have every thing I could want. A really beautiful home," and she glanced round the parlor where they were sitting—"a husband whose only fault is that he dearly loves to tease me, and has sure no mother was ever blessed with better children than I have."

"Don't want anything?" repeated Mr. Beckerton, emphasizing the last word. "It seems to me that is rather an old fashioned pin in your collar."

"And if it is, I wouldn't change it for one covered with rubies and pearls," answered Mrs. Beckerton, with much emotion.

Not one of diamonds either, I suppose," said Mr. Beckerton, carelessly.

"No, not even of diamonds. Didn't you buy this and bring it home to me on the first anniversary of our wedding day, when Lillie there lay a little tiny thing on my breast, scarce a month old? I am sure I never had anything in my life please me half so much.

Which? The baby or the pin," said Mr. Beckerton, archly.

Well, the baby did please me the most, that is a fact, but you know I meant the pin," and Mrs. Beckerton joined good humoredly in Lillie and Edward's hearty laughter.

The twins came down from the sitting room with some complaint of Harry, who loitered behind them in the hall. His mother called him in, and reprimanded him gently, but he was so much displeased, that when he went around, as was his custom to kiss them all good night, he omitted his mother.

Mrs. Beckerton did not seem to notice it, but Harry never forgot it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN OLD-TIME DANCE IN COLORADO.

The first settlers of Boulder went there in 1858. In 1860 quite a number were, and some sixty log houses were erected before 1860 stepped in. Of these log houses but few remain. Christmas, 1859, saw a jovial crowd of dancers in one of these houses, windowless, we believe at that time. The hearty pioneers after fun, had it. On the night in question about two hundred sons of toil and seekers of gold and their fortunes and seventeen ladies had assembled at the above named place to partake of frontier terpsichorean mirth. Marinus G. Smith was then one of the beaux of town and his dress suit consisted of a pair of pants made out of seamless sacks, and colored blue by the aid of logwood. A lady now living in town had a elegant dress made out of flour sacks, also colored by the aid of logwood. There were few white shirts in the neighborhood then, most of the pioneers wearing woolen or flannel ones. A man with a white shirt on was in style and could dance with his coat off a man without any would wear a coat buttoned up to the neck. Coats for dancing purposes did not seem to be any too numerous, consequently the pioneers helped each other out. For instance, Alf. Nichols had six white shirts, which were all at that ball and the coats of those six white shirted fellows were to cover the backs of some one else. When one fellow had a dance he would loan his coat to another, and then his turn would come and so the white shirts and the long coats were dancing all night and went around among the 200 men. There were no wall flowers among the seventeen ladies. But they say the supper for the occasion was a grand affair. Wash. boiled corn full of coffee, great hunks of bear, salted deer jack rabbits, fish, game and delicacies brought from the States in cans, all went to make up a glorious supper—one that the partakers would like to see repeated. There may not have been much style but the seamless sacks and flour bags sure did make a fine show, and as to the finest and gaudiest attire of to-day

LADY'S DRESS IN 1775.

Mr. Fairholt, in his interesting work on Costume in England," gives an engraving of two ladies dressed in the newest dresses from drawings taken at Ranelagh in the year 1775. After describing the head dress, he then turns his attention to the costume. In the case of one lady, round the neck, he says, is worn a tight single ribbon. The gown is described as high behind, but low at the breast, having a stomacher over which it is laced with gold and silver twist, and a large bunch of flowers is stuck in the breast, the body being tightly confined by stays strength ened with steel "busks." The sleeves are described as being tight with cuffs at the elbow and the smallest amount of ruffles. Long gloves are worn, and fans are seen constantly.

The gown or "polonaise" is open at the waist, and "it is gathered in festoons at the sides, the edges being ornamented with silk ribbon in puffs, forming a diamond shape pattern, and edged with lace the petticoat being similarly decorated Small high heeled shoes with rosettes completed the dress." The sleeves of the second lady, we are told, are "decorated with rows of pleated ribbons, encircling the arm which it bears, which it is become a fashion to wear of a different color to the gown." Both ladies wear small hoops, but somewhat lower than they were originally placed.

—The San Francisco Chinamen, like Hamlet's father can add do a tale unfold It is called a pigtail.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

FETTERED, YET FREE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE," "ESTELLE'S ERROR," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

"I have not told a living soul of your visit," she assured him, smiling scornfully. "I do not care to speak of you. You used not to be a coward."

"I'm not a coward now," he said, sharply; "but I know a little more of the tricks and lies of women than I did when we last met, and I don't mean to trust you. Now to business. What do you mean to allow me?" You've got it all in your own hands now."

She had thought it all out, she did not pause or hesitate.

"I know that I do not care for money more than I have done. My boy is getting older, however, and will need education, and I do not mean to stay here. I shall be moving about and leading a more expensive life, so I shall keep half my own money and pay you a thousand a year. But it must be on the condition that I never see you again. You can tell me where to pay it in."

A very good arrangement. Perhaps you are going to be married again, and don't care to have a first husband turning up. I watched a man enter the house last night."

"You are right," she said, very quickly. "A few days later and I should have been that man's wife, and happy at last."

Well," he returned, quickly, "I sha'n't interfere. But to prevent awkward questions you had better tell him your income is only a thousand a year instead of two. Pay the money in regularly once a year to Mr. Frank Lawrell's account at Dillon's Bank, High Street, Manchester, and you will have no trouble with your first husband. But what is your name, to be?"

My name will be what it is now while you live," she answered in the same cold contemptuous tone in which she had spoken throughout. "I will pay in two hundred and fifty on the first of January."

Then she went in and shut the door, and, going to her desk, wrote down the address he had given. She heard him go away and the gate bang behind him, and stood listening and waiting for her next visitor. How he had fallen! How her idols it had sounded to hear him consent to her marrying another man! And she shuddered as she remembered that she had actually intended only a few hours before to do as he suggested. She had been mad with misery; she told herself it had been a horrible dream, and now she was awake once more to the cold, blank life that lay before her. If she could but bear all the pain! If she could but avoid seeing the face she loved so madly change as her own had done! How should she tell Geoffrey? The question kept ringing again in her ears, but no answer came. She heard the gate open, she heard his quick firm step come up the gravel walk. He opened the front door for himself, took off his hat and coat, and entered the room, closing the door behind him, but still she had formed no notion of how to break the news gently to him. She turned and faced him—saw his happy face coming toward her—saw it change at the sight of hers, and the light go out from his dark eyes as he foresaw the coming blow, but no words came to her white lips. He took her in his arms, and felt her trembling from head to foot.

Sibyl, speak!" he exclaimed. "Tell me, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter? Has anything happened to Cecil?"

No. It is not that. But it was all a trick. John is not dead. He has been here to-night."

A short, sharp exclamation broke from him, his arms fell to his side, and he also turned ashy white. He sat down on the nearest chair and buried his face in his hands, holding his head as if he feared his brain would burn.

It is a trick," he said, sharply, his voice trembling. "He is dead. Somebody else has been imposing upon you."

It would not be possible. It was his brother that was killed, and he changed the name to escape detection for something he has done. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey, how shall I bear it?" And burying her face in her hands, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

He was at her side in a moment, his arms round her and her head on his shoulder.

Hush, hush, my darling! You will drive me mad. I will not—cannot give you up. He is not your husband in the sight of Heaven or man. We will still be married, and never think of this ghastly dream. Sibyl, do not shake your head. You can not send me away again. I know it will drive me mad. Oh, my darling, have pity on me and yourself, and let us bury this horrible secret! Surely my love will make up to you for any pain the recollection of the past may give you. I have the license in my pocket. We will be married so morrow, and go away from here and from England, and begin a new life that shall blot out all memories of past misery."

But Sibyl had fought out her fight and was strong.

It cannot be, Geoffrey—do not tempt me. That was my first thought, as it is yours, but Cecil has saved me from myself. It was too perfect happiness for this world. You must work and forget me, and I shall go away—far away from here, and wander about with Cecil, for I feel I can never settle any more. Oh, it has been a cruel trick! It was easier to bear before, now I feel—as if it will kill me to give you up for ever."

I will not be given up," he said, kissing her again and again. "Where you go I shall go. If you will not be married, I cannot help it; but I shall not leave you, and the world will talk. It is of no use, Sibyl. I am mad, but I will not give you up. I will—I will—"

He broke off suddenly, and Sibyl, who had been trying to speak, to argue with him, to make him see the impossibility of their position, was silent also, for a sound of wheels had struck upon her ear, and she knew that a carriage was coming up the road. It was the doctor's gig, and it was driven rapidly, for it stopped at the gate in a few seconds, and a quick step came up the gravel walk.

"Geoffrey, it is the doctor," she whispered, in a frightened tone. "Some one must be ill in the house. Oh, what shall we do? Cecil must not see you. Some one must have seen you arrive, and will tell him. Geoffrey, you must go. Oh, my darling, you must go!"

"Not I," he said, doggedly. "I will not leave you. I will see the doctor, and bring him back with me. I will not be driven away from you. Sibyl, you are mine, and I will not give you up."

He was gone, and she heard him speak to the doctor, who was evidently surprised at seeing him, and then he came back, and she heard him say, "Come here to-morrow at eleven o'clock, and bring the license with you. But, oh, Geoffrey, be gentle with me, be loving to me always! Remember, you left me only because I thought him dead, and it is for your sake that I am going to take this step."

There was a moment of unutterable sadness in her beautiful eyes, and her mouth quivered with intense pain as she spoke; but he was blind to it.

My darling, am I likely to forget it? Sibyl, you do not know how I love. Never to dwell on the past, but delight in the present and future—you will never regret your decision. Get your things packed, and we will go away directly we are married, and never come near this hateful place again. I know this is costing you an effort now, dear one, but you will be glad afterwards. You will see that I am right, and that in the sight of Heaven and earth you are really free from that fellow. Oh, Sibyl, you have made me so happy!"

With a cry of pain she put her hand on his mouth.

Don't—don't! You do not know yet. Oh, Geoffrey, think kindly of me always and remember that I did it for your sake more than my own! Go now—leave me, and do not let me see you again as I have so much to do. Good by, Geoffrey, kiss me and go away."

She clung to him tightly for a few moments, trembling violently, and then, raising her face, looked at him—oh, so sadly!—and kissed him again and again—long lingering kisses that broke his heart to end.

Bring Sir Henry and Lady Temple with you, and come to this house. Do not wait for me at the church. Come here. Good by once more."

Good by my own brave Sibyl," he whispered, fondly.

Never, never!" he muttered as he tossed from side to side. "I can never love her less, she shall never regret it for a single moment, never remember that she is not my wife as fast as the law could make her. I love her the more for shrinking from the step but I will prove her mine for the pain I am causing her now—and I cannot give her up. Poor little darling, how utterly miserable she looked as I left her! Her face haunts me—shall never look like that again if I can help it!"

He had told the Temples, and they had readily agreed to go with him without letting anybody else know. There were visitors in the house, but neither of the Misses Dayrell, for Milly was married, and Eva, on finding that Geoffrey was there, had refused to come. He had written a note to the clergyman, asking him to be at the church by eleven o'clock to perform the ceremony, and a groom was going to take it over early in the morning.

As he dressed himself, with hands that shook from excitement and cold, Geoffrey in vain tried to persuade himself that he was one of the happiest men on earth. Before him was the picture of Francesca di Rimini floated perpetually, and the sad, upturned face of the sinning woman was like the face he had left on the preceding night. It was a gray, gloomy day, a few flakes of snow falling from the leaden clouds, and Geoffrey felt depressed as he looked out. But Lady Temple greeted him with her brightest smile when she went down stairs and his spirits rose.

It is not a very nice day, is it?" she remarked in a low tone. "But we shall take our sunshine with us, and I hope and trust it will last your lifetime."

Thank you," he said, pressing her hand, and then sat down and tried to eat some breakfast.

He had taken little or nothing on the day before for he was a man on whom excitement told strongly, and he was begin ning to feel exhausted. But it was in vain he tried first one thing, and then another, he could not eat, and was only thankful that nobody observed it. He was glad to leave the room and pace up and down the terrace outside the window alone, trying to map out the life that Sibyl and he was go ing to lead, and wondering whether she would like him to take her. Presently, with a mischievous look on his face, Sir Henry followed him.

Trying to work off steam, Geoff," he said merrily. Never mind. We're gone through the same thing ourselves, and can enter into your feelings. But you look as white as a ghost, man. Come and have something to warm you before you start, and then you and I will walk on, and Adelaide can pick us up in the wagonette."

All right—but I must trust to Lady Temple to bring a portmanteau. I can't go through the ceremony of wishing everybody good by. Tell them I was called away unexpectedly."

For the second time," laughed Sir Henry. "What an important man they will think you! Ah, well, they will renew the acquaintance next season, when you bring your lovely bride to town with you! Lord Howell is a great connoisseur of beauty, and will be charmed with her. She will make quite a sensation."

Yes, if we come to town, but she wishes to go abroad, I believe," he answered, quickly "she is afraid of being talked about."

Oh, she'll soon get over that!" returned his friend. "We can't afford to let you monopolize such beauty and sweetness. You must come home for the season."

Geoffrey did not answer, and they were soon on their way along the snowy lanes to Sandbeach. Sir Henry's words had caused him to twinge as they recalled to him the fact that after this day he could never show his face in London, or rather take Sibyl thither. She would be a bigamist, and he

(To be continued next week.)

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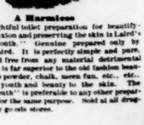

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WHO HAPPIER THAN THESE?—A young married couple came down from Comanche County on horseback last Sunday, and spent the day in Waco, Texas. Hand in hand they walked the streets for hours, she nibbling daintily at a stick of candy and he hungrily at a half pound of gingerbread. When there was nothing in the show windows to admire she gazed fondly up into his eyes, some four feet above her, and he lovingly down into hers. A ride on the street cars concluded the day in the city, and remounting their horses a quick ride took them home from as happy a bridal tour as ever mortals made.

THE UNTRUSTED ORACLE.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest love—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all,"—
So ran the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"—O, magic brief;
Ah, foolish task, to measure out
Love's value on a dainty leaf!

For as she pulled the latest leaf
With "not at all," I heard her say,
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

Summoned to Save.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The shadows lengthened fast across the lonely forest road. It wanted only a few minutes to five o'clock when at length they came in sight of their destination. At the end of a long, wild, grass-grown avenue, branching off to the left of the road, rose all that remained of the great front gate of the chateau; one massive pier alone was standing, the other, together with the wall, had crumbled to decay, and the long, dry moat had been converted into a vegetable garden. Crossing the rough, wooden structure, which supplied the place of the old drawbridge, they found themselves in what had been the outer court of the chateau, now used as a rick-yard. In the midst stood a picturesque pile of ruins of which the only portion that seemed habitable was a mossy tower with pointed, red-tiled roof. On to the side of this had been built, with the old materials lying ready to hand, a modern farm-house; a quaint, rambling, weather-stained structure, which did no violence to its antique surroundings. No one was in sight, and the place was profoundly still, except for the melancholy howling of a dog within the house. Leaving the carriage, they crossed the courtyard to the front-door, which stood half open.

Motioning to Sir Frederick to keep back a moment, Gertrude ascended the worn stone steps and looked in. A cool, dark, spacious kitchen, its corners lost in shadow; a raftered ceiling black with smoke, a hooded chimney, and a wide stone hearth. On a low stool near the hearth, with drooping head, and hands clasped round her knees, sat an old woman, in a black serge skirt, and Normandy cap.

Gertrude Vansittart entered, and stooping over her, gently touched her shoulder. She raised her head, and then, with a sudden shock and thrill of startled recognition, Gertrude saw one of the faces of her "dream."

As the old fermiere looked up at her strange visitor, at the pale beautiful face and the golden hair, which, lighted from behind by the setting sun, looked like the aureole of a pictured saint, she seemed for a moment to doubt whether it was not a celestial apparition.

Gertrude saw the unspoken thought, and answered it.

"It is not a vision," she said quickly, with a faint smile; "I am a woman like yourself. My friend and I are come to—the funeral. Has it left the house?"

"A quarter of an hour ago," was the reply.

Gertrude wrung her hands. "Where is the churchyard? show me the way!"

The other, wondering at her excitement, and vaguely infected by it, rose slowly to her feet.

"I am too stiff with rheumatism to walk, or I should have gone myself," she said. "The nearest road is across the court at the back, through the field, and—but I fear you will never find the way. Stay! I will send the dog with you, he will follow them straight as an arrow. We were obliged to lock him up," she continued, as she passed through a doorway communicating with the old tower and ascended a short flight of stone steps to an arched, nail-studded door. "It was a strange thing, but he would not let them take the coffin; he defended it like a mad creature, and it was nearly half-an-hour before they could master him. Stand back, madame."

The caution was not unnecessary, for the moment the door was opened the great Norman hound leaped out with a rush and spring of a tiger, cleared the steps at a bound, and darted out of the house.

"N'importe; he will have to wait while you open the courtyard gate, then you can follow him," said the old woman.

Crossing the inner court of the chateau, which was now a picturesquely-untidy farmyard, where a cloud of pigeons rose at their approach and fluttered to the dovecote on the roof of the old tower, they reached the gate, which the dog was vainly trying to push open. Then, traversing an orchard, white with blossoms, and a field beyond, they entered a pine-wood, where the twilight shadows were gathering thickly, and emerging from this, found themselves in a little glade, set like an emerald in the green gloom of the woods. Here stood the ancient chapel and graveyard of Chandore.

The last level rays of the setting sun streamed into the glade, and lay in long shafts of light across the humble graves. At the further side of the churchyard, a crowd of people, chiefly peasants, were gathered round an open grave into which the coffin had just been lowered; the grey-headed cure was sprinkling it with holy water, and pronouncing some words of benediction which sounded distinctly in the hushed sobs.

As Sir Frederick and Gertrude made their way towards the group every head was turned save that of the cure, who stood with his back to them.

Gertrude approached, and laid her hand on his arm. He started and turned, looking at her with grave surprise.

"Why do you interrupt the holy rites of the dead?" he questioned, almost sternly.

Her answer was given in a low but distinct tone which reached every ear. "Because I have reason to believe that you are celebrating them over the living."

A sort of thrill and tremor ran through the crowd, swelling to a confused murmur of astonishment, but on Etienne Lefevre the words acted like a galvanic shock. Starting to his feet, his sun-burnt face blanched to a sickly pallor, he fixed his eyes on Gertrude with a wild look of mingled astonishment and incredulity.

"What do you tell me?" exclaimed the cure, in an altered voice.

"The truth, as I hope and believe," she answered firmly. "The girl who lies there is not dead but entranced."

He looked at her in doubt and perplexity. "You are a stranger here, madame? How do you know this? On what do you found your belief?"

"On what we have heard of the circumstances of the girl's illness," returned Sir Frederick, answering for her. "It is not the first time that the stupor of exhaustion has been mistaken for death."

"Oh, do not delay!" cried Gertrude, in agony. "Open the coffin—quick! or it may be too late."

A short, sun-burnt, grey-haired gentleman stepped forward from the crowd—the country doctor who had attended Gabrielle.

"Raise the coffin and open the lid," he said, authoritatively.

The ropes used for lowering it had not yet been removed; it was soon raised, and the thin wooden lid hastily prised open. Gertrude dared not look.

It needed all the priest's authority to keep back the excited throng which pressed round as the doctor knelt and bent over the coffin. The young farmer knelt opposite him, looking up at him with dilated eyes and white speechless lips, his whole face one agonized question. There was a long moment of breathless silence, broken only by the low whine of the dog, who crouched close to the coffin. Then the doctor raised his head, and looking round, beckoned to Lady Gertrude.

"You were right!" he said. "Look here."

She sank on her knees by the coffin. For a moment there was a mist of excitement before her eyes which blinded her. Then, as it cleared away, she saw before her once more that fair face, so strange, yet so familiar, to her; the delicate wasted features, the pathetic mouth, the fringe of golden hair. There lay the girlish figure in its dress of bridal white, a wreath of immortelles resting on the little hands folded meekly over the bosom.

"Look there!" the doctor repeated, excitedly, and pointed to the temples, where a slight moisture had started and stood in beads on the skin. "There is proof that she lives."

"She lives!—she lives!" cried Etienne, hoarsely, and the next moment he had caught the slight figure in his strong arms and strained her to his heart in a fierce rapture of love and joy; raining kisses on her face, on the closed eyes, the sweet cold lips with sobs, and broken cries, and incoherent words of passionate tenderness.

"My bride—my wife—given back to me from the grave! My love, my angel—my Gabrielle!"

"She must be taken home at once," said the doctor, anxiously.

"I will take her," he interrupted. "No—I will have no help." And, putting aside those who would have assisted him, he clasped his light burden closer in his arms, and hurried away, the dog keeping close to his side, whining and panting with excitement, leaping up to lick the little hand that hung over the young man's shoulder, every line of his supple body eloquent of joy.

A messenger was sent on first to break the joyful news to the old fermiere, and to assist in getting everything ready for Gabrielle's reception.

And so she was carried home, and laid once more in her little bed in the dim old turret-chamber.

So still and inanimate she lay, with so little look of life in the white face and nerveless figure, that at first the anxious watchers feared the rescue had come too late, and that the lamp of life had but flickered for a moment to be extinguished again for ever.

It was not till after several hours of patient unremitting efforts that they perceived any change in her condition. At length, just as twilight was fading into night, and the first rays of the young moon streamed throught the narrow window, Gabrielle stirred; a tremor passed over her face like a ripple over water, her breast heaved in a long, deep inspiration, her eyelids quivered, and then slowly—slowly, the "windows of the soul" unclosed.

Etienne bent over her, hardly daring to breathe, unable to utter a word, his whole heart in his eyes. She looked at him in return with a calm abstracted gaze which expressed neither wonder nor recognition—a look of almost unearthly serenity, as if her spirits had not yet descended from "an ampler æther, a diviner air," into the atmosphere of this lower world.

He raised her, and put to her lips the restoration which the doctor handed him.

"Dost thou not know me, my sweet?" Her face changed at the sound of his voice, the dreamy far-away look passed from it like breath from a mirror; a tender tinge of rose-color crept to her cheeks, and her lips smiled as they silently formed his name. Then her eyes wandered inquiringly round the room, and for the first time she saw Lady Gertrude, who stood a little apart. She started, her eyes dilated suddenly with a look of wonder, fear, and recognition.

"Who is that?" she breathed, trying to raise herself. With a fast-beating heart Gertrude approached the bedside.

"Who is it?" Gabrielle repeated in a breathless undertone, her eyes intently dwelling on the other's face as she bent over her and took her hand. "You are a stranger, yet I know you. Am I dreaming? Where have I seen you before? and what was the fear and horror that was upon me when—" Her voice failed, and she closed her eyes with a shudder.

"This dear lady is a stranger to thee, and to us all, dearest," said Etienne, "though she came here on purpose to see thee."

"Shall I tell you how I first heard of you, Gabrielle?" said Gertrude, forcing herself to speak calmly, though she still trembled with the awe of that strange recognition. "Do you recognise this?" she continued, with a smile as Gabrielle looked up passing her hand lightly over her golden coronet.

"Ah, I understand!" exclaimed Etienne, "it was you, Mademoiselle, who bought our Gabrielle's golden hair, and that accounts for you wishing to see her. Surely it was an angel from heaven that led you here," he added, in an undertone.

"Then was it only in a dream that I saw you?" questioned Gabrielle, still looking at her, but now with an expression of wistful doubt as if already the vague recollection was beginning to fade; "and the dreadful fear—"

"Yes, it was all a troubled dream," interposed Gertrude, quickly. "You must forget it, now that you have awakened once more to love and hope and happiness."

Lady Gertrude's mission was accomplished, and her presence no longer needed; but in their gratitude they would not let her leave the chateau till she had given them the promise of a speedy visit.

As she stood at the bedside, taking her farewell of Gabrielle, and thought in what a "horror of darkness" the fair young life would have ended but for her interposition, tears of thankfulness filled her eyes, and her heart went up in gratitude to heaven for permitting her to be so strangely, so mysteriously summoned to save.

[THE END]

WORTH, THE FAMOUS PARISIAN DRESSMAKER.

Worth, a correspondent says, has a large establishment in the Rue de la Paix, Paris, where four hundred young women stitch, stitch, stitch, not at all in poverty, hunger, and rags. His employes number twelve hundred in all, and during the Commune, when nobody ordered dresses, or anything else, Worth provided for seventy of his employes, though he, too, suffered for want of decent food. And isn't it queer, that this leader of fashion should come from the country that is accused of having no taste? Worth is English, born fifty-two years ago in Lincolnshire! Once upon a time he was a clerk in Marshall & Snelgrove's, and at twenty-five years of age set out for Paris, with a few pounds in his pocket. Brains were his only capital. That the man is a genius in his profession, is as evident as the multiplication table. He inherited his ability from his mother, who possessed exquisite taste. You must not judge Worth by all the dresses made by him, as I used to do. If a woman insists upon having a fussy, furbelowed costume, Worth is obliged to make it, however disgusted he may be. "My life is anything but a bed of roses," he said the other day. "What I have to endure from some women is simply incredible, when it is remembered that they call themselves 'ladies.' One person sailed in lately, and gave an order, saying, 'I don't like your taste at all, Mr. Worth; I want so-and-so.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'you can have what you want, but I am quite sure that if I had your taste I shouldn't have any customers.' She didn't mind the sarcasm. She didn't understand it. What do women come to me for, if they don't like my style? That's what they pay for. Why don't they make their own dresses, if they know so much about it? Another lady said recently, 'You make my cousin's dresses, and I don't approve of them, Mr. Worth.' 'Neither do I, madam,' I answered; 'if your cousin likes colors mixed up, I can't help it. If you have a more cultivated eye than your cousin, I congratulate you!'" That's the way Worth talks to people. It doesn't make the least difference who they are. He says exactly what he thinks, consequently he is very original, and very amusing. What would be extraordinary in any one else, seems to be perfectly natural in him. A grand dame once went up to Worth to show him the new costume she wore for the first time. Glancing at her, Worth exclaimed, "Your dress is spoiled by your gloves. Take them off." And off they came.

Worth is a tallish man, with a big, clever head, and very prominent forehead. His brown eyes are singularly shrewd in expression, and their seizure of detail is surprising—that is, for a man. As a rule, men have no more eye for detail, than owls have for the sun. Worth takes you in at a glance, and knows what your style ought to be, which is such a comfort. Worth's taste, when allowed full play, is irreproachable. "I prefer simplicity to everything else," he says, "but there are women who don't believe in the value of a dress unless it is loaded with trimming. They drive me mad, for they won't take advice. Now, what is becoming to one person, is hideous when worn by another. I study to make the best out of the subject given me, as, unfortunately, we can't have people made to order, can we? If I had my way all women should be slight, graceful, and pretty. Then dressing them would be an artistic pleasure. A dress should never overpower the wearer. It should merely be an appropriate frame for a charming picture, bringing out the beauties of the picture, but never distracting attention from it. So few women understand this. Why, when I find that I can make a costume for less money than has been agreed upon, I actually annoy my clients by telling them so. They think that it cannot be as handsome as it ought to be, and they would rather have more material added, however much the design may be marred, than pay less. I assure you, this is a fact. Consequently, when I meet ladies who know that dressing is an art, I take very great satisfaction in having them as patrons. It isn't every woman who knows how to wear a dress. When I have done my best, I try to make my client do her best, by seeing her walk and sit down. To walk with style is rare enough, but when it comes to being able to sit down in a dress properly—well, there are not many equal to that, I can tell you. Then, women think they ought to have a number of dresses, and would rather be seen every day in a new toilette, however hideous, than wear one dress, however becoming. There never was a greater mistake. If your frame is appropriate, stick to it. Don't be getting out of it, and trying experiments. I have just made a dress for Madame Nilsson, in which she looks better than I have ever seen her before, and I have begged her to wear that dress constantly in Russia, if she wants to produce the most charming effect. As she is sensible, I think she will take my advice, which, you perceive, is against my interest, but, good gracious me, money is not my only object. Art is intended to beautify nature, not to deform it."

His villa at Surenne is one of the marvels of Parisian suburbs. Worth has been his own architect, gardener, designer, upholsterer. There's not a carpet nor a curtain that he did not invent. Stuffs and chairs have been made for him and for him only. The hangings in his library are works of art in the way of embroidery. The eye is perpetually gratified, and when you step into the garden, the view of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and the country for miles around, is a dream of beauty.

This villa lies directly beneath Mont Valerien, the finest site in the neighborhood of Paris. Then there are ruins in the garden, made out of stones; pillars and statuary, brought from the Tuileries, and bought by Worth after the Commune had done its worst.

—At Silver Springs, twenty five miles south of Hot Creek, Wyoming, on Friday, a soldier of Company A, Third Cavalry, named Kennedy, who was drunk, threatened the life of a sergeant of his company, named Schaffer. He was prevented from executing his threat, but, after arriving in camp in the evening, he procured a carbine, and, going to a tent where he supposed Schaffer to be, fired at and killed the first man he saw, who proved to be John A. Van Mott, first sergeant. Kennedy was disarmed and put under guard, but during the night the guard was overpowered, and on Sunday morning Kennedy's lifeless body was found hanging from the ridge pole of the guard tent.

—Samuel Holmes, charged with the murder of Sheriff Napier in 1869, has just been arrested in Standford, Ky. A reward of $1,800 was offered for his arrest, but the terror inspired by him and a gang of desperate associates prevented his capture heretofore.

LITERARY NOTES.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, of this city, send us one of their ever fresh, novel and entertaining juvenile publications, one of the "Frank Nelson Series" entitled, "The Boy Traders, or the Sportsman's Club Among the Boers." It would make a very appropriate Christmas gift for a boy, and its 350 pages are thoroughly interesting. It is bound in ornamented cloth and is finely illustrated.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York, have published "Poetry for Children," by Charles and Mary Lamb, to which are added "Prince Dorus" and some uncollected poems by Charles Lamb, edited prefaced and annotated by Richard Herne Shepherd.

The genial and great Charles Lamb and his unfortunate and beloved sister Mary, wrote these little songs and poems for the Juvenile Library of William Godwin, in the Christmas season of 1808. It sold rapidly and the whole edition, being exhausted it went out of print. It is a beautiful little volume of 324 pages, bound in ornamented and gilt cloth and is sold by Messrs. Smith, English & Co., of this city, at the price of $1.25 per copy. Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., also publish a very excellent translation of Jules Verne's "Hector Servadac," by Ellen E. Frewer. This publication is just the thing for the holidays. It is gorgeously bound in gold and crimson and gilt cloth and is illustrated in the highest style of the art. In fact, the illustrations are as perfect as need be and are beautifully drawn and engraved. It contains 370 pages, and is sold by Messrs. Smith, English & Co., at $3.00.

Messrs. Lee & Shepherd, of Boston, have issued a new publication, entitled "From Hand to Mouth," by Amanda M. Douglas, a very good novel of 332 pages, bound in ornamented and gilt cloth and sold at $1.50 per volume. Messrs. Lee & Shepherd also have in print "There She Blows, or the Log of the Arethusa," by an Old Whaleman," (Captain W. H. Macy,) a sea story for boys and a capital one, too. It contains 320 pages, bound in cloth, and is illustrated. 12mo., price $1.50. The same firm have published "Isles of the Sea, or Young America Homeward Bound," by Oliver Optic, and forming one of the entertaining "Young America Abroad," series. It contains 354 pages and many illustrations. 16mo., price $1.50. Messrs. Lee & Shepherd also publish "Quinnebasset Girls," by Sophie May. A very entertaining book bound in fine cloth. The cover represents a door with a gold plate with the name of the book. It is illustrated. Price $1.50. The above four books are for sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have published "One Summer," a beautiful story illustrated by Augustus Hoppin. It is elegantly bound with gilt illuminated cloth, and contains 279 pages. Messrs. Osgood & Co. have also published "Memoirs of Edward Gibbon, Esq.," edited by Wm. D. Howells—belonging to the "Little Classic" style of autobiography. It is a beautiful little work of 231 pages, and is bound in ornamented cloth. Price, $1.25. This is the interesting autobiography of the author of that great work, the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Both the above works are for sale by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. publish "The American Girl of the Period. Her Ways and Views, by Garry Gaines." This is a very amusing and well written little book of 158 pages, paper cover, and is sold at 50 cents.

THE MAGAZINES.

Messrs. Scribner & Co., of New York, send us their monthly illustrated magazine, for January, 1878. Scribner's Monthly has long held the field as champion and carries away the palm in respect to illustration. Each succeeding number is better than its predecessor in literary matter and engravings. The number before us has a rich table of contents. 1. Jack Sigurd's Christmas Eve, a poem, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, with an illustration by Mary Hallowell Foote. 2. Fox Hunting in New England, by Remland E. Robinson, with many fine illustrations. 3. Dr. Schliemann at Mycenæ, a beautifully illustrated article. 4. Roxy, chapters VIII. and XI., by Edward Eggleston, and illustrated. 5. Joe Hale's Red Stockings, by Saxe Holm. 6. A Glimpse of Youth, by J. G. Holland. 7. The Last Token, by E. C. Steadman, illustrated. 8. Birds and Birds, by John Burroughs, with illustrations by Fidelia Bridge. 9. His Inheritance, by Adeline Traffton. 10. Pidgin English, by A. A. Hayes, Jr. 11. Unfulfilled, a poem, by Isabella J. Mayo, illustrated by Reinhart. 12. Snow Drops, a poem, by Mary E. Bradley, illustrated by Jessie Curtis. 13. Under the Cedarcroft Chestnut, a poem by Sidney Lanier, illustrated by Thomas Moran. 14. Song of the Milkman, by H. S. Kellogg, a poem illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr. 15. Unveiled, a poem by Paul H. Hayne, illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. 16. A New Anvil Chorus, by H. H. 17. A Century of Civil Service, by L. M. Dorman. 18. After Many Days, by R. H. Stoddard. 19. Sonnets. I. Esther. II. Vashti, by H. H. 20. The Growth of Cities in the United States, by B. C. Majee, Jr. Then follow The Old Cabinet—Home and Society—Culture and Progress—The World's Work and Bric a Brac.

Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, of Boston, send us a charming publication of theirs called "Silhouettes," first series. It consists of sixteen numbers and characteristic sketches, by J. T. Church. Quarto 9x9 inches, paper cover in neat envelope, fifty cents. It is a Yuletide book for young and old and is a complete success.

Lippincott's Magazine for January, the first of the new volume, is out, and the numerous articles that adorn its pages—those that seem to merit most attention, are Edward King's "Old Corners in Australia," giving picturesque descriptions, well illustrated, of Trieste, Pola, and other places in Southern Austria, seldom visited by the mere tourist, account of "The Late Judge Nicholas, of Kentucky," interesting both for its political and its personal details, by Paul R. Shipman; and General Brisbin's narrative of "A Journey Though the Wind River Country." Alfred T. Bacon has a second illustrated paper on Sicily; Mrs. Hooper scribes the *Mont-de-Piete*, the great pawnbroking establishment in Paris; and the "Gossip" contains, among other matters, some anecdotes of President Lincoln. "For Percival," the new illustrated serial, continues bright and attractive. Other stories in this number are "Voiceless," by Robert A. McLeod, "Uncle Pompey's Christmas," by Jennie Woodville; and the opening chapters of "Jack and Mrs. Brown," by the author of "Blindpits." The poetry is by Celia Thaxter, Emma Lazarus, and Edgar Fawcett, and the reviews are unusually numerous, comprising notices of all the chief holiday publications. It is a strong number.

We have received Appleton's Journal for January 1878 containing a fine array of matter and beautifully illustrated. It contains a fine article upon the New York and Brooklyn Bridge with excellent cuts, and a series of fine articles upon current topics. It is certainly the best number we have seen of this popular magazine.

NEW MUSIC.

J. M. Stoddard & Co., No. 723 Chestnut street, have just published a new song, sung with great success by Griffin and Rice, entitled the "Free Lunch Cadets." words and music by J. P. Sousa. The air is as lively as that of the "Mulligan Guards," and the song should become as popular.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOOD COOKED AND UNCOOKED.—Geo. Wells, of the Missouri slope, controverts the experiment of the superintendent of the Iowa Agricultural Farm. He declares that one bushel of cooked food is equal to two bushels of corn unground and uncooked.

EGG-EATING HENS.—When a hen acquires a habit of breaking and eating eggs there is no remedy. The only thing to do is to prevent the vice by killing the hen, or having the nest so arranged that the egg is soon safe, rolls away out of her reach.

WORMS IN HORSES.—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* gives the following as a [illegible] reliable cure for worms in horses: Arsenic, 1 drachm; sulphate iron, 4 ounces; mix and divide into sixteen papers—one powder to be given every night and morning mixed in the food.

TO PREVENT TREES SPLITTING.—To prevent trees splitting, the *Toronto* [illegible] says: Select a small limb from each fork and clear them of leaves and branches. Then bring them up together, twine the two small limbs together and secure them. The limbs will grow together in time, and keep the split from opening.

THE BEST PASTURAGE.—Cows pastured on rye will give a greater quantity of milk than they will when pastured on the wild range or fed corn in the ear. Even in winter the butter has a nice golden color and sells well. If sown early on well prepared land rye will afford more pasturage to the acre during fall, winter and spring than blue grass or timothy.

A HANDY BLACKING.—Gum arabic 4 ozs., coarse moist sugar 1½ ozs., good black ink 1 pint, strong vinegar 2 ozs., rectified spirit of wine and sweet oil, of each 1 oz.; dissolve the gum in the ink, add the oil, rub them in a mortar until thoroughly united, then add the vinegar, and then the spirit. Apply with a bit of sponge. This blacking gives the gloss without brushing.

A NEW IDEA IN HORTICULTURE.—A writer in the *English Mechanic* says that the previously feeble plants in his greenhouse were made to grow luxuriantly by his performance in the structure on an instrument. The *Country Gentleman* thereupon asks: "Would it not be cheaper to hire a few organ grinders than to buy superphosphate and guano?" This is rather ahead of blue glass.

SPARROWS AND CATERPILLARS.—A writer on gardening and husbandry says he once saw a pair of sparrows carry to their nest, on an average, forty caterpillars every hour during the day. Hence, nearly five hundred of these destructive insects were disposed of in twelve hours by two little birds. Ten pair of sparrows would therefore destroy thirty thousand caterpillars per week—enough to ruin any garden or fruit orchard in the land.

TO REMOVE TREE STUMPS.—A California paper says: Pile about stumps a lot of dry rubbish (there is nothing better than dry stable manure), and after setting this on fire cover it with damp earth or wet manure. This is upon the plan of a coal kiln, and if one wants pay for his labor he can put out the fire at the proper stage and make a few bushels of charcoal. If not he can let the whole thing burn to ashes. One who has tried this plan says it is a perfect success.

THE CUCUMBER.—The days of the cucumber are about numbered. Farmers and truckers will grow it no more. Dr. Leidy, at this city, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, exhibited a specimen of a tape worm said to have been taken from the inside of a large cucumber. This was the first time he had heard of one of these worms being found in a vegetable. This specimen has all the characteristics of a true tape worm, but belongs apparently to an unknown species.

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PHILADELPHIA
1877

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POETRY.

Our readers will agree, and the EXTRA DEPARTMENT full of interest, the views of the Editor of Fashions, in Another Column, is simply because it should be considered as the head being especially original and suggestive.

And now with all the choicest wishes of the season to all our readers, and with many thanks for their appreciation of our efforts to please and interest them, we take pen in hand to leave them to the enjoyment of this Christmas repast of ours, which we doubt not will be to them all

"A Feast of Reason and a Flow of Soul."

We shall endeavor to make the Post a true family paper, and shall spare no expense to keep its high reputation unsullied, all its departments varied and original, and its tone pure, and so to all we say again,

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

CHRISTMAS.

There have been hard times of late, and the clouds that gathered about all of us seemed to culminate and strengthen and grow in darkness, despite our prayers for brighter, better days, but now let us forget all that, for the clouds have rolled away and we look forward to the season in which there should be nothing but joy, joy unalloyed, mute, the merry voices of children, light, color charity and kindly feelings one towards another, humanity and true Christianity.

It does not seem like an old story when we speak of that mystic star which shone upon Bethlehem one thousand eight hundred and seventy seven years ago, and the light of which put to flight the demons which had long assailed human progress. We are children for the scence at this season of the year, and we listen to the story of the birth of a Saviour, and see in imagination the shining of that star, the wonder of the wise men, the long train of camels that came to the poor stable where He was effulgent, and where the lonely shepherds, sore footed and weary, came in with faces of awe and dazzled with the supernal glory of the place, to gaze upon the "Light of the World." Yes, we are children for this one brief Christmas, and thank God that we are! for when we return to our actualities, the clouds gather again, and we are lost in darkness. Let us then be children and take delight in what they take delight. Assemble them about us and make the house ring again with their laughter and jollity.

In the great sitting-room the Christmas tree is already decked and prepared, and ablaze with candles—rich in candies, ginger bread simulacra and cornucopia of choicest sweets. Outside the window hangs the monstrous turkey which is to be sacrificed upon the morrow, the thought of which makes our mouths to water. There is fun everywhere, rollicking fun too, not only in doors, but in the street and in the theatre, where the Christmas pantomime is the very acme of the absurd, and where we grown up old folks and grey heads and serious people scream with delight at the antics of the clown, and cannot help it. Everything is excused at Christmas time, and the merry Saturnalia which so elated the Greek and Roman world before the advent of Christ, was as nothing compared with the frolic, the freedom, the variety and above all, the love of this intellectual Saturnalia of ours at home.

We are awakened at grey dawn by a blare of trumpets and horns, which emphasizes the fact that it is Christmas, and that the weather is coolish and that the boys seem to be up early. After breakfast comes a ring at the door, and thenceforward there is a succession of astonishing bundles of all shapes and sizes, in brown paper—tied with cord—manufactured securely and very heavy. These are Christmas presents, and when with impatient fingers we struggle with the twine and in despair fly to the scissors for relief, and cut the bonds that set our treasures free, lo! we are gratified at the sight of a complete bric-a-brac shop, a perfect museum of novelties! Books—jewelry—vases —clocks—statues—calicos and ceramics—until we, overburdened with our treasures, stagger into a seat and exclaim, "It is indeed true that it is 'more blessed to give than to receive.'"

And on this joyous occasion of the advent of our Christmas, let us be children in heart, in faith, in purity—and let us not forget the children of our brothers and sisters of the poor in our midst. It is not our purpose to preach philanthropic sermons upon this event, but we do insist that every man and woman who has a heart will tend to ameliorate the condition of his or her brother or sister by gifts which are of the heart. Much can be done with little, and it does not need the purse of a Monte Christo to render our neighbor happy. Let us do this, and the Christmas chimes will be a sweeter music in our hearing, and the sermon of the day more replete with meaning, and our New Year more fruitful of good, for God will bless it and so a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone say we.

CERAMIC ART.

Art took its primitive form in pottery, and ceramic ware antedated sculpture. The potter became in course of time the sculptor, and the same plastic, ductile clay which had been shaped under his hand into jugs and vases to fill the needs of the people, as his knowledge increased and his inspiration warmed, became responsive to his touch in building up the antique. And so as the ceramic art was the primal awakening of all art, so the taste of a people for such art betokens an awakening to a sense of appreciation for the beautiful in higher forms—from pottery to sculpture, from sculpture to painting.

It is so true that the art of making earthenware into beautiful forms was the nucleus of an art taste among the primitive nations, that we have only to consult the collections of archæologists to establish the fact. Egypt and China, two of the most venerable of nations, have from time immemorial been producers of superb work in the line of ceramics. In fact, to-day these nations produce nothing finer than their vases and other ornamental pottery. With them the art of sculpture is but a name, and painting a thing unknown. Their sculpture is a grotesquerie of carving in wood and stone, and took its origin from the worship of idols. Their painting is flat, and void of the science of drawing and perspective. Color all these Oriental nations do possess assuredly. There is nothing finer than a Chinese or Japanese screen as a mere effect of gorgeous color, and we have seen specimens of their ceramic ware full of this splendor, nevertheless they rise no higher than pottery, and the porcelain tower of Pekin represents the zenith of art in that country. With us, however, who are just beginning to appreciate the beautiful in works of pottery, which are readily understood by the mass, there is a deep underlying sense of an ideal, and the present rage for ceramics and bric-a-brac is a healthy sign of the progress of art among ourselves, our people. Still the passion for old china and porcelain, for vases and antique jugs, is a low form of taste compared with that which appreciates an antique statue, or a really fine painting and it may degenerate into a mere gratification, and such merits the reproach of all thoughtful men.

And so as nations progress from the infancy of art, from pottery to sculpture, and from sculpture to painting, so will the art work of the lower forms stand still, and the higher forms advance, France, to day takes the lead in painting, but her ceramics, even the Sevres ware is still inferior to the Chinese, and her bronze can not hold comparison with the wonderful bronze of Japan, such as were displayed at the Centennial Exhibition. In France too, the higher arts have advanced with wonderful rapidity, and the worship of ceramics and mere decorative art, is confined to the dilletants and dandies; but we think that upon the whole the present taste in this country for such work shows a healthy development of a truly æsthetic taste, and a yearning for the highest in all art, which is only to be gratified by the noblest forms of beauty as displayed upon the canvas of the painter.

SANCTUM CHAT.

Another American has found favor in an aristocratic court of Europe. It seems that the African traveler, Stanley, is to be presented by King Victor Emmanuel with a gold medal upon which is to be inscribed: "To the intrepid explorer of equatorial Africa, Stanley; given by Victor Emmanuel."

The Italian King is very enterprising and progressive in his ideas respecting the advancement of his nation; not only politically, but in scientific directions. He has an all too apt idea of the requisite circumstances; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our color from the ground on which they lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity called public opinion should get us out, and, like Nebuchadnazzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace—which public opinion can make very hot—for daring to worship any god or man save the will of the temporary majority. It is difficult for any souls but heroic ones to be anything but poor, mean, insufficient, imperfect people, as like each other as so many sheep; and like so many sheep, having no will or character of our own, but rushing altogether blindly over the same gap, in foolish fear of the same dog, who, after all, dare not bite us; and so it always was, and always will be.

"Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man."

But, nevertheless, any man or woman who will, can live a heroic life and exercise heroic influences, in spite of, and despite of circumstances; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our color from the ground on which they lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity called public opinion should get us out, and, like Nebuchadnazzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace—which public opinion can make very hot—for daring to worship any god or man save the will of the temporary majority. It is difficult for any souls but heroic ones to be anything but poor, mean, insufficient, imperfect people, as like each other as so many sheep; and like so many sheep, having no will or character of our own, but rushing altogether blindly over the same gap, in foolish fear of the same dog, who, after all, dare not bite us; and so it always was, and always will be.

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But, nevertheless, any man or woman who will, can live a heroic life and exercise heroic influences, in spite of, and despite of circumstances. But he ought to have, he must have, justice, self-restraint, and that highest form of modesty for which we have, alas! no name in the English tongue; that perfect respect for the feelings of others which springs from a true love of humanity. True heroism involves self-sacrifice, but it must be voluntary; a work of supererogation, at least as regards the every day men—the act to which the hero or heroine is not bound by duty, but which is done, though not necessarily with conspicuous publicity, from self-love, by its very essence, unheroic; but the love of approbation, the desire for the love and respect of our fellow-men, must not be excluded from the list of heroic motives. No man restricts it more than the true hero, St. Paul. It is only the depraved, the hardened, the shameless, who are indifferent to the opinion of healthy fellow-men. Men and women of refinement, of pure lives, and of sensitive organizations, never become indifferent. It is not that they live for the good opinion of men, shaping their acts for approbation, but it is because love and trust are the only aesthetic air of man's soul." Ruskin denies the truth of Lowell's lines—

"Disappointment's dry and bitter root,
Envy's harsh berries, and the choking gool
Of the world's scorn, are the right elements
To the tough hearts that pioneer their kind;"

but all experience shows us that both Ruskin and Lowell are right. "Difficulties are the tutors and monitors of men, placed in their path to test their strength and their development." Just as by the law of selection the weak physically succumb to hardships that the strong survive, so the weak souls finds a stimulus in the bitter roots and the harsh berries, and act as spurs upon the timid soul. But just as true is it that so far as a man or a woman is represented, misrepresented, by the world, so far and her powers destroyed. Do not think that you can sneer and crush them into the dust with the contempt of fools who will not serve you for pay, they cannot serve you for scorn. But although no pay is receivable by any true man or true woman who is working for the interest of humanity, power is receivable in the kindness that may be given to them. So far only as you give them these can they serve you; that is the meaning of the question, "Believest thou that I am able?" And from every one who lives, not for himself but for others—to the end of time—if you give them the Capernaum measure of faith, you shall receive the Capernaum measure of works. Do not think that we are irreverently comparing great and small things. The system of the world is entirely one; small things and great are alike part of the mighty whole. The rose that is gnawed by the frost, so every human heart is gnawed by the chill of unmerited censure and misfortune, and if not relieved, miserably, as the fruit-bed is blighted and falls before the east wind, so falls the power of the kindest, truest, noblest heart before the wind of misrepresentation, distrust and calumny. No man's character can have room for development, for light and free growth and provincial feeling hedge him round, while he stands in a defensive attitude against whom every hand is raised to strike him down. It would be better for such a one to go beyond the pale of society, and live to have his soul dwarfed down to the size of the souls that measure him by their own standard, than to live undervalued, excepting by his equal, or his superior. Men everywhere are too apt to judge the motives of others according to their own. We persistently attribute low and base and selfish motives to others, do so because such motives are in ourselves. Only men of high natures and noble souls, it is said, can endure the test of misrepresentation, misconception and perversion of their motives: for upon ordinary natures it acts like a goad, and drives them into frailties of the follies they are accused of.

"Whose mistakes me now but spurs me on to make
My life so speak henceforth that no one can mistake."

should be the motto of every youth who finds himself a target for the arrows of hatred and envy; and if he does make this his rule of life, he will so outstrip others in the race as to get far beyond the reach of their arrows. Dickens showed his knowledge of human nature when he made Nicholas Nickleby say: "So there are some of the stories they invent about us, and beady from much to answer. If a man would commit an inexpiable offence against any society, large or small, let him be successful. They will forgive him anything but that."

Casimir Perriere's reply when accused of being an aristocrat, should encourage our young men to aim high in their efforts to become gentlemen. He said, "My only advantage is the superiority which industry, frugality, perseverance and intelligence, will always insure to every man in a free state of society; which you may all belong in your turn. They are not privileges created for us, but by us. Our wealth is our own, we have gained it by the sweat of our brows, or by the labor of our minds. Our position is not society is not conferred upon us, but purchased by ourselves, with our own intellect, application, zeal patience and industry. If you remain inferior to us it is because you have not the talent, the industry, the zeal, or the sobriety, the patience or the application necessary to your advancement. You wish to become rich, so some do to become rich, but there is no royal road to wealth any more than there is to knowledge."

In these words lies a lesson for our young people to ponder over, and shape their ambitions by; a lesson which all those who respect themselves and the rights of others have already learned.

HOME CULTURE.
XXVII.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND."

Compiled to Suit Life in America.

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII—(continued).

Self-respect may be compared to a tree, the flower of which is courtesy, and its fruit—habits of character. It needs no hot-house planting from court gardens to flourish in our republic. It is a plant indigenous to the soil, or if not indigenous, brought here by the Puritan colonists, whose respect for themselves, and for the rights of mankind, led them to ignore kings, to despise courts, and to establish a new civilization, founded on the idea that, under God, men could govern themselves. Here, in our own land, then, have we the right to claim as our inheritance, what has been called the pendant of court life; for, true independence of character, allied with noble qualities of mind and heart, produces self-respect equally as well in a republic as in a court. Everywhere those who are worthy of respect manifest their respect for the rights and claims of others, while those who possess self-conceit, give evidence of it by their disregard for the feelings and the rights of others.

Thus, society is divided into two classes: Those whose actions are influenced by self-respect, and those whose actions are controlled by self-conceit. The latter are moved and swayed by the opinions of the world, by pride of pomp and show, by ambition to outvie their compeers. They dress in the prevailing fashion, no matter how absurd, and also like rockets, they make no lasting impression; while those men and women whose lives are governed by that degree of self-respect which brings with it respect for the claims of others, move in their orbit and done the true, independent life and warmth and blessings wherever that orbit may be. Yet Kingsley spoke truly when he said, "We are all too apt to be the puppets of circumstances; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our color from the ground on which they lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity called public opinion should get us out, and, like Nebuchadnazzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace—which public opinion can make very hot—for daring to worship any god or man save the will of the temporary majority. It is difficult for any souls but heroic ones to be anything but poor, mean, insufficient, imperfect people, as like each other as so many sheep; and like so many sheep, having no will or character of our own, but rushing altogether blindly over the same gap, in foolish fear of the same dog, who, after all, dare not bite us; and so it always was, and always will be.

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CHAPTER IX.

REQUIREMENTS FOR HAPPINESS IN MARRIED LIFE.—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The evils arising from the excessive liberty permitted to American youth cannot be feared by laws. If we are ever to root it out, it must begin at the very bottom. Family life must be reformed. * * * For children parental authority is the only sure guide. Children are

LETHE.

Adown the slumberous land one river flows,
Silent, distant, under the light of stars or sun,
Falling from a far land that no one knows
To a great sea where all the waters run.

A bloom of lilies line upon its breast,
Whose cold roots grasp the sealess slime beneath.

Never hath passion broken on their rest,
Nor sorrowful tear dropt on their loveless breath.

What time the sun throws wide its golden
And strikes peak on peak to amethyst,
A sigh breathes over them to stir the lilies' hyacinth more,
And through the twinkling tree-tops trails the mist.

Rolling through listening glens that stream shall glide,
Wooded, ghosts shall stand upon the shore,
And move with oblivion shall abide,
Till stream, and sea, and mountain be no more.

FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XI—[CONTINUED].

That evening, when Lady Caraven was dressing for dinner, her faithful maid could hardly be satisfied with the thought out jewels, flowers, ornaments of all kinds.

"Do wear them, my lady," she said; "if you would but let me help you more in your toilet! Lady Courtenay is so beautifully dressed; do not let her have all the admiration."

The maid grown so sorry for her young mistress that she sometimes ventured to speak familiarly to her. Hildred sat listless and tired, with her toilet table; neither jewels, flowers, nor dresses had the least interest for her.

"I think it is very probable that all the admiration will fall to her lot whether I take pains with my dress or not," she said musingly.

"My lady," returned the girl earnestly, "you do not know how beautiful you are —you do not indeed. If you would but take some little interest—you have a lovely figure and beautiful hair—if you would but care a little more!"

Lady Caraven laughed good-temperedly; the girl's admiration was so sincere that she could not be angry.

"I will care more," she said, making a desperate effort to rouse herself. "What am I to do?"

Amice was all animation. She brought out a beautiful dinner-dress, a dress that looked like a soft black cloud tinged with golden light.

"Amber and black!" said Lady Caraven. "Surely I am dark enough, Amice! Lodr Caraven likes everything about him bright and fair. I should wear something lighter if I mean to please him."

"You promised, my lady, that I should dress you as I liked to-day."

"It does not matter," she said indifferently; and so the amber and black was worn.

Nothing could have suited her better. The low dinner-dress showed the exquisitely-moulded neck and shoulders, the rounded arms; it displayed the beautiful contour of the figure tall and graceful. The mass of dark waving hair was arranged in thick shining coils fastened with a diamond arrow; one dark crimson bud lurked in their depths. A pearl necklace was clasped round the graceful throat, a brace let around one of the slightest arms. Amice's pride was great; there might be a thousand ladies present—none would be so beautiful as hers.

Lady Courtenay looked up in wonder as her lovely young hostess entered the drawing-room. She turned to the Earl, with whom she was most intimate—they had played together when children.

"How falsely people speak!" she said. "I heard that you had married a great heiress, but that she was quite a plain little schoolgirl. I must congratulate you on the rare beauty of your wife."

"Little she certainly is not," returned the Earl laughingly, "my—my wife is tall I consider."

"And she is beautiful," said Lady Courtenay. "She looks like a Spanish princess. You do not often see faces like hers in England—there are all red and white."

"So you ought to be," he replied; "I can as soon imagine a dark angel as admire a dark woman."

"You retain your old love for the blondes," said Lady Courtenay. "I am a far better judge; and I tell you that the fair pink-and-white face of most English women would pale into insignificance before the rich bloom, the exquisite coloring, the dark lustrous eyes of your wife."

"I really ought to thank you 'in her name,'" he responded.

"You ought to love her very much, for she is worth loving," said Lady Courtenay frankly.

"Has any one told you that I do not love her?" he said.

"No, certainly not; but, though she is so beautiful, she does not look happy. Her eyes ought to be filled with sunshine; they are sad and dreary. It is not a happy face, Lord Caraven."

But he had heard quite enough of the topic—his wife's face did not interest him. He looked at her with some curiosity after Lady Courtenay had spoken, and for the first time he was impressed with her growing beauty. "Lady Alice has rightly described her," he said to himself—"she is like a Spanish princess. She would be perfect if she had a mantilla and a fan."

Then he forgot all about it, and was soon busy talking over old Oxford days with Sir Charles.

It was not a happy face. Hildred took her place at the brilliantly-appointed table. She was very pale, calm and self-possessed. In her thoughtful consideration for others she made an admirable hostess; her tact and graciousness were beyond all praise. But hers was not a happy face. She did not voluntarily join in the conversation—with a quick, flashing intellect she could do so when she spoke to, but she seldom volunteered a remark. When she was not speaking, when her face was in repose, there came over it an air of dreary languor, of sadness, of thought, painful to see in one so young.

"What can be wrong here?" thought Lady Courtenay. "There is plenty of money; they are both young, both handsome—she is beauty and Spanish—why are they not happy?"—for, amongst all other gossip, she had not heard the fact that Lord Caraven had married for money and not for love.

It was a pleasant evening. The Earl found out another accomplishment of his wife's—she was an almost perfect musician, she sang like one inspired. The love, the passion, the tenderness, that found no vent in her ordinary life found vent in song. The rich, low contralto voice was more beautiful than anything he had ever heard. She sang like the wood-birds—music seemed natural to her. She had set to sweet and music the poet's passionate words—

"O cruel love—she changed her tone—
O cruel love, whose end is scorn!
Is this the end, to be left alone,
To live forgotten, and die forlorn?"

She sang them with such sweet pathos. It was of herself she was thinking. Who was more forlorn than she—who more neglected?

"O cruel love, whose end is scorn?"

"What charming music!" said Lady Courtenay. "Whose is it? I do not remember to have heard it before, and I am familiar with most modern songs—whose is it?"

"My own," replied Hildred. "Whenever words please me very much, they always set themselves to music in my own mind."

"The words are so sad—To live forgotten, and die forlorn!' How can they please one so young as you?"

"It is the fate of many," said Hildred slowly.

"It may be, but it will never be yours—you, Countess of Caraven, young, gifted, beloved."

"There are many ways of dying," said Hildred. "It is more bitter than death to some to live without love; yet many live without it."

"You have strange thoughts for one of your age. I should have imagined that dresses and jewels, balls and dances, would have been in your thoughts rather than sad lines of life and love."

"Should you? I like balls and dances very much," said Hildred, trying to speak lightly—she had no great desire to reveal to a stranger the secrets of her life and heart.

"You never told me," said Lord Caraven to his wife, "that you could sing so beautifully."

"Did I not? Perhaps you never asked me if I could sing in all."

"I do not remember doing so," he said. "Have you any more such surprises?"

She looked up at him brightly.

"You seemed half horrified when I told you that I could speak German," she said. "I was afraid that you considered accomplishments something to be concealed. I shall never tell you any of mine."

With a glance half laughing, half haughty, she took up the sheet of music and crossed the room. Lady Courtenay looked curiously into the face of the Earl.

"Had you never heard your wife sing, really?" she asked.

"No; I had not indeed," he replied.

"If I were a man and had wooed so sweet a songstress, I should have spent long hours over the piano," she said. "I thought you always liked music so much!"

"So I do. But I did not even know my wife could sing; she makes no parade of her talent."

"No," said Lady Caraven to herself; "nor do I think that you have made any great parade of your love." But she said no more—the subject was evidently not pleasing to the Earl.

CHAPTER XII.

A beautiful evening in October; it was as though some of the sunshine of a sweet new summer had returned for a while. The sky was blue, the colors of the sunset were gorgeous, the foliage of the trees was of every shade—autumn flowers were blooming, autumn tints were over the land. The day had been unusually warm and bright, and Lady Caraven had invited some friends to dinner; as they lived at some little distance, and they could not remain for the night, dinner was ordered earlier than usual. It was only twilight when the guests drove away, and Lord Caraven, having noone to play at billiards with him, sauntered restlessly through the rooms, thinking to himself how foolish he had been not to provide himself with a companion for that most interesting of all games.

"I must not let this happen again," he said. "To live here alone requires more strength of mind than I am possessed of."

He did not occur to him that he was not alone—that he had a fair young wife near him. He never thought of her at all. He would not have remembered her existence but that wandering aimlessly along the terrace, he saw her in the drawing-room.

He almost owned to himself that there could not have been a lovelier picture. Wishing to finish something she was reading, she had brought her book to the window and crouched down where the light fell. He saw a fair flower-like face, a shining wealth of dark hair in which lay gleaming pearls, a flowing mass of purple velvet upon which the white arms shown like snow on a purple crocus; the lovely figure, the graceful attitude, the picturesque dress, cut square in the front, leaving the white neck bare, the wide hanging sleeves, the slender white hands—all made a picture that he must have admired had the subject been any other than the money lender's daughter.

He looked at her, he thought it was possible she understood something of billiards, although "women never knew anything useful." She saw him, and, lancying from his manner that he wished to speak to her, she opened the window and went out to him.

"You will be cold," he said with an usual thoughtfulness.

She went back to the drawing-room in search of a silvery scarf that she used. She threw it carelessly over her head and shoulders, where it looked so picturesque and became her so well that he could not help noticing it.

"This is dull work, being here alone," he said.

"It is dull for both of us," she replied briefly.

"Ah, yes! Do you know, I had quite forgotten you were alone as well. You must find it dull too. We will ask some nice people down at once; this kind of thing will never do. I wanted to ask you, do you know anything of billiards?"

"Billiards?" she repeated wonderingly (Yes—many ladies play them remarkably well. Lady Courtenay does. It is such a great resource."

"Do you want me to play with you?" she asked quickly.

"Yes; I am bored to death. I am tired of smoking. I never read much, and there is nothing to do."

"Extraordinary," she cried—"nothing to do?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean nothing. I am very sorry. I have seen a billiard-table; but I have never played. I will try to learn, if you like."

"Beginners are generally very awkward," he said frankly. "I cannot think how it is that I have forgotten to ask any one over. I must not be so remiss again."

"Do you never amuse yourself," she asked.

"No. How can I? I am essentially a sociable being. I feel little interest in myself."

"You would rather be amused than interested?" she asked.

He thought for half a minute before he answered.

"I see," he said. "Yes, I prefer amusement to anything else."

"It is a great pity that you cannot imitate the sign of cold, and keep a court jester with cap and bells."

Lord Caraven looked at her. It could not surely be possible that this wife of his, the money-lender's daughter, was presuming to be satirical with him. They walked down the terrace until they reached a rustic garden-seat, and with an air of utter exhaustion the Earl sat down. Hildred took her seat unasked by his side.

The night wind was sweeping round them, bending the tall chrysanthemums, stirring the dying leaves—a sweet fresh wind that was as odorous as balm. The twilight was fast fading, the birds had long since ceased to sing, there was a pleasant brooding sense of rest and of freshness.

"This is almost as good as a billiard-table," said Hildred laughingly; but the Earl shook his head.

"It may be for you," he replied; "but it is not for me."

"Lord Caraven," said Hildred, "a thought has just struck me. We have been married—how long?—since the third of August, and it is now October; and do you know that you have never once addressed me by name? My schoolfellows used to call me 'Dreda,' my father calls me 'Hildred.' You have so contrived as never to give me any name at all. You do not say 'Lady Caraven,' 'Hildred,' 'wife,' or anything of the kind. How is it?"

"I cannot tell," he replied blankly. The question had evidently puzzled him.

"I do not expect you would ever care to use any term of endearing name; but do you not think you might learn to use my own? Lady Courtenay used to look at me when I addressed me in that general kind of way as 'you.' Could you not say 'Hildred'?"

"I really do not know," he replied; "it is an uncomfortable kind of name—'Hildred.'"

She raised her charming head with a haughty little gesture.

"Do you fancy so? I think you do not know what 'uncomfortable' means. I am rather proud of my name; it may be quaint, but it is not common. If you cannot say 'Hildred,' can you not call me 'Lady Caraven'? I am tired of being spoken to so vaguely."

"I will not do it again, Lady Caraven, if it annoys you," he said; and then there was silence between them, broken only by the soughing of the wind.

Would he let this hour pass without speaking freely to her? They were alone now—there was no one to listen. Surely he would break the ice of reserve that was between them; surely he would say something to her at last. This unnatural state of things could not last much longer. Sitting there side by side, husband and wife, they were as strangers, with a great cloud between them. Would he speak to her now? Would he tell her why he was cold and reserved—why he never talked to her—why his wife was almost less than nothing to him? She could see no fairer opportunity than this. She raised her face, all bright with play of feeling, to his.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "will you be very angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"No; without knowing what the question may be, I predict that—certainly not."

"This question has troubled me very much; it has been the one thing which I have pondered night and day—a question that I cannot answer, one that I feel is the very key to a secret."

"You alarm me with that long prologue. Briefly, what is your question, Lady Caraven?"

"Briefly, it is this. Why did you marry me, Lord Caraven?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed in astonishment.

"I ask you the question," she went on, "because I have watched you and studied you, and I am convinced at last that you did not marry me for love."

"Love?" he cried. "Why, what has that to do with it?"

"I thought," she continued, "that you had married me because you loved me. I knew that you were cold, undemonstrative, that you had no sympathy, little kindness; but I believed implicitly that you married me for love."

"I had never seen you—I saw you only once," he said, in astonishment.

"I know, I remember. Still, I repeat what I have said to you—I am certain I am quite ashamed to tell you the truth, but I will do so—I fancied that you had seen me somewhere and liked me."

He laughed, but the laugh was not pleasant to her.

"Did you really think that?" he asked musingly. "Poor child!" Then he turned to her with sudden briskness. "Do you really mean to tell me, on your word of honor, that you did not know why I married you?"

She raised her face, proud face to his.

"I assure you most solemnly that I do not. It is the greatest puzzle I have ever had."

"Did your father tell you that I—I loved you?"

"No," she replied thoughtfully, "he did not. Indeed he assured me that love was not needful for happiness. He never said you loved me. He said you wanted to marry me."

"And what else? Go on. What else?"

"That it was a grand position, in which I should be supremely happy."

"What else?" asked the stern voice.

"I hardly remember. That if I consented, his highest ambition would be gratified."

Lord Caraven murmured some terrible words between his closed lips.

"Then he never told you why this marriage was brought about?"

"Forced?" she interrogated gently.

Perhaps the sudden paling of her lovely face, the tremble in her voice, the sharp quiver of pain in her voice touched him.

"He—your father—never told you that he had bought me in marriage?"

"No, never," she replied, faintly.

"He never told you that he made it my only refuge from him—my only hope—my only alternative?"

"No, he never told me that."

"Then I will tell you now. He compelled me to marry you—and I begin to perceive that he has sacrificed you as well as myself."

"Sacrificed us!" she repeated. "You cannot mean the word!"

"I do mean it, both for myself and you," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Caraven; it is right that you should know the truth. I have been a spendthrift and a prodigal. I have squandered a large fortune, and was deeply in debt. I owed your father the sum of sixty thousand pounds—I had mortgaged Ravensmere to him. I was also deeply in debt to others. In literally come to my last shilling; disgrace, ruin, poverty and shame were all before me. Your father had the management of my affairs, and, when I asked him what I was to do, he told me that he had two hundred thousand pounds and a daughter.

A low cry came from her lips, and she covered her face with her hands.

"I am sorry to pain you," he said—"sorry to distress you—but it is better that you should know the real truth. Your father is ambitious; his hopes were fixed on your marriage. He offered me the alternative—I could choose beggary, ruin, shame, disgrace, the total annihilation of my house and name, or I could choose the money and marry you. I told him that I did not feel inclined to marry, that I had no affection for you; and I implored him to find some other way out of the difficulty. He refused, and you know the result. Bear in mind though, that I am most deeply grateful to you. Your fortune has saved me from worse than death. I am sorry to tell you this story; but it is best that you should know the truth."

"Yes," she agreed despairingly, "it is best."

She drew her hands from her face and looked at him. What nature of man could he have been that the anguish and despair on that girlish face did not touch him?

"Then you have never loved me, never cared for me?" she said, faintly.

"No. I am grateful to you; I can say no more."

The words that haunted her came back to her—"Let me die!"

He saw her draw the silvery shawl round her shoulders and shudder, as though she were seized with violent cold.

"I feel now," he said, "that it was a cruel thing to do. You are young, and your whole life is blighted. At first I thought and believed that you understood everything—that you were as ready as he to give yourself and your money in exchange for my title; I thought that you, through him, knew the full value of the estate and everything on it—that you knew all the house contained—that you were as keen and shrewd as he was. I misjudged you—I beg your pardon for it."

She raised her pale face to his.

"I swear to you," she said, "that I would rather have died than have married you had I known the truth."

"I believe you, and respect you for it. For some time past I have fancied that in thinking as I did I was mistaken. Now I know it, and am glad to know it. I am sorry that you were sacrificed to me."

"Did you—do you—pray do not be angry with me," she said—"did you love any one else?"

"I have been amongst fair women what a butterfly is amongst flowers," he replied. "I have loved not one, but a hundred. I might say I have had as many loves as there are days in the year."

"But the one great love of your life—the love that is given only once—have you given that?" she asked.

"I understand. You ask me, in fact, if I had ever loved any one sufficiently to ask her to be my wife. No, I had not. My love was for the day, not for all time. I have never asked any one to marry me, for the simple, all-sufficient reason that I have never seen any one whom I should have cared to marry."

"And are you very unhappy with me?" she asked gently.

"What a strange question! Unhappy? Well, no, I cannot quite say that. I am, as I said before grateful to you; and, now that I find you have been victimized, I am sorry for you."

"Do not be shocked if I ask you another question," she said, with down-dropped eyes and flushing cheeks. "Now that our marriage is an accomplished fact, do you not think that we might make the best of it—might try to forget this wretched beginning."

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I might deceive you—I might say 'Yes,' and play you false; but I will not. You are too good for that. No, not in the sense you mean—not to love you as a man should love his wife—never! You must forgive me if these seem hard words—you have asked me for them."

"It is better to speak frankly; then we shall both know what we are doing." She dropped the silvery veil that shrouded her head and face. "Will you tell me," she asked meekly, "why you cannot care for me? Am I not fair enough to please you?"

"Yes, you are fair enough; but love is not to be taught or bought—it comes unperceived. I cannot express myself well on the subject; but it seems to me absurd for a man to say to himself, 'It is my duty to fall in love with such and such a woman, and I must do it.'"

"But if that woman were his wife?" she suggested gently.

"Not even love against his will, wife or no wife," was the hasty reply.

"Then, Lord Caraven, am I to live in your house always an unloved, uncared for wife?" she asked.

"The fault is not mine," he replied. "I believed that your father had explained to you that the whole affair was—was distasteful to me. Believing that, I married you; now that I have found out my mistake, I pity myself and I pity you, Lady Caraven. I despise myself now for what I have done. If I had to choose again, I should choose disgrace or death."

The night wind sighed around them, the sunlight had died away, the moon was rising in the sky.

"I am grateful to you," he continued. "I will do all I can to show my gratitude, you are, and shall be, mistress of the whole place. It is yours in so far as money has saved it; you shall have every desire of your heart, every wish gratified. Your position is to be the highest in the land; you shall have everything to grace it; you shall have entire liberty, you shall invite whom you like, visit whom you like, you shall go abroad when you will, and remain at home when you will. You shall be your own mistress in every respect. I will always see that every desire is gratified."

"In short," she said, "you will give me everything but love."

"Yes, if you choose to put it in that light, yes."

"I accept the terms," she said gently. "There are many women who have to find the happiness of their lives in the fulfilment of duty; I must do the same."

"You are a very sensible girl," commended Lord Caraven, "and I begin to think it is all for the best that we have had this conversation."

"I am sure of it; it will prevent my idolizing you in any kind of way, and I shall know better how to understand matters. She raised her head with wondrous grace. "It would be very strange," she added, "if you fell in love, with me after all. Pleasant reflections, my lord."

He saw the purple velvet and silvery veil disappear amongst the trees.

"It is a thousand pities that she is a money lender's daughter," he said "and a thousand pities that I cannot love her. She has plenty of character, and she is really handsome, although she is not my style."

Lady Caraven had gone to her room. She had felt keen, bitter shame while the revelation was made. That had passed away. After all, she was blameless. One man had been a spendthrift, the other was ambitious. Between them she was a victim. She tried to consider quite calmly what she should do.

Some girls, proudly indignant, would have left the house, others would have retaliated fiercely, others have grown sullen and revengeful. She was calm almost to heroism, although a more cruel position could not have been imagined. Even his open confession that he could never care for her had not quite destroyed her love. He was very frank—amongst his sins and imperfections deceit certainly could not be set down. Yet how different it all was from what she had thought it would be!

"I am quite sure of one thing," she said to herself. "It is almost cruel to write such stories as the histories of Lancelot and Elaine. What a difference between such men as the stainless knight and my husband! There are women living as fair, as tender, as lovely as Elaine; is there a man like Lancelot—like Galahad before he loved the Queen? Ah me, if I could have had such love as his! But I must be content."

It seemed to her like an answer to an unspoken prayer, when she opened a book and saw the words of Carlyle—"Say you all kinds of hopeful things I can do without thee. With self-renunciation life has gle."

That was to her new life—self-renunciation without happiness—life all duty, with no reward but the knowledge of itself.

"I can do it," said Hildred. "It is an uncommon fate—I can master it. It might break a weak heart, anger a proud one—it shall strengthen mine. Fate is what people make it—mine shall make mine."

Yet, brave as was the resolve, it was difficult to carry out. Young, with life all before her, she longed for its blessings. It was not pleasant to remember that she had been bartered for a title—that she had been married solely for her money—that she possessed no charms for her husband—that he would always be profoundly indifferent to her. She remembered stories that she had read of the love that husband and wife had for each other—that it was the greatest, the truest, the dearest the world knew of, and she told herself that such would never be hers. She remembered once having read that love of her husband was part of a wife's religion. Such love was never to be hers. She did not regret it. She could be brave and noble—she could do without it. But nevertheless she longed for it. It would seem strange to live always at Ravensmere, to have everything that her heart desired, to be wealthy, honored, and great, yet have no husband's love.

"One cannot have everything in this world," said the young Countess to herself, "but I really think that, if I had been offered my choice, before all other gifts I should have chosen love."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOP-GROWING IN ENGLAND.

Hop-growing is sometimes a rather dangerous speculation. The plants are delicate, treacherous, and sensitive. Frost for a few nights will do great mischief amongst them, and at certain times of the year they give great cause for anxiety to growers. They are liable also to be infested with lice. "A good year," however, gives such profits that a person on a large scale can easily make a fine season pay for a poor one.

The hope, especially where they are being picked, have a faint, yet keen kind of odor, that is very agreeable. The picking is a most picturesque occupation. The thousands work for hardly, but there are many who pick for good appetites, and it is not often they give sleep to the suffering. It may not be generally known that the Prince of Wales in his severe illness, several years ago, was induced to sleep by a pillow of hops.

The hoppers are paid in proportion to the quantity they pick, and they do not waste much time. For a shilling they pick from four to six bushels, according to the crop, and arrangements made before the work is commenced. Each picker (or family of pickers) has a bin, which is emptied at certain times of the day, and a tally kept of the quantity taken. The plant is cut near the ground, and the pole is pulled up and taken with its growth to the bin, where it is speedily attacked by two or three pickers, or perhaps by only one. In any case it is soon stripped of its hops by practiced hands that are dyed with the work, there are, of course, many bins, and each has its group of pickers. In the garden is gradually overrun till there is nothing left on the ground but vine and stripped poles. These poles are worth an extra glance of attention. Considering the hundreds of thousands used, they are wonderfully well shaped and straight. They are from Norway, and cost about fourpence each. When the season is at an end, and the cones are packed in what are called "pockets," the poles are piled up here and there about the grounds, where they stand through the Winter, adding with their barrenness a dreariness to dark days and bleak plantations. The difference they make between Summer and Winter is wonderfully great. In Winter you may see, in almost any direction, miles of bare gardens, with little or nothing to break the monotony beyond piled up poles. In the Summer the plants are so prodigal of growth that you can scarcely see anything beyond you but green leaves.

A TURKISH ADMIRAL.

The only man who firmly keeps his place in the Turkish service, despite all the intrigues and cabals leveled against him is Hobart Pasha. He is the only official who is regularly paid. I was speaking to Colonel Baker, when he was over here last summer, on the subject, and he laconically replied: "You see the Turks respect Hobart, but what is more, fear him. They know he has the fleet, and they know he might throw them over, if they attempted to throw him over. The unspeakable somehow prefer the devil they know them, that is, they respect the holder. The great blaze of animosity that broke out in Constantinople against Hobart a few years ago, caused by his distinct refusal to bombard the peaceful towns on the enemy's coast. The Turkish movement is naturally indignant at the destruction of its merchant vessels by the Russians, but is even more wrath at Hobart's refusal to retaliate. 'Let them fire but one shot, and the case is altered. I will do my duty then, but bombard peaceful villages and destroy innocent people, I won't,' said the Admiral, sturdily, and he has kept his word. All right minded people cannot fail to honor and admire this gentleman who refuses to practice reprisals on innocent and peaceful people."

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE POPULATION OF PARIS.—The city of Paris contains a population of two million, a little more than half that of London.

A NEW RELIGION.—Sunday concerts being prohibited in London the managers of a series lately registered themselves as a religious sect, under the name of "Religious Recreationists," in order to evade the law.

LICENSE IN OREGON.—In Oregon a man has to take out a license which costs him $5 a year, permitting saloon-keepers to sell him drinks. And when a man's wife takes away his license in the morning and hides it, he has to go dry as a bone all day.

MADAME BONAPARTE.—Madame Bonaparte, of Baltimore, now over ninety years of age, has become very feeble, and does not venture out of doors. There are apprehensions that her romantic and most eventful career is fast approaching its close.

NEWSPAPERS IN GERMANY.—It has been computed that the number of newspapers published and sold in Germany amounts to about 22,448,000 per annum. Of foreign newspapers there passed through the post, for distribution in Germany during 1876, about 14,000,000 copies.

MODERN GIANTS.—The death of two of the giants of the earth is announced: Ruth Robinson, of Wisconsin, aged 34, height 7 feet, 4 inches, weight 410 pounds; and Modeste Malhiot, of Quebec, Canada, aged 78, height 6 feet, 8 inches, weight 618 pounds. They prove that there are giants in our days.

AN ANCIENT CITY.—When Amrou took Alexandria, in Egypt, in 646, he stated to Omar that it contained 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 12,000 oil merchants, 12,000 fruit merchants, 40,000 Jews who paid taxes, and 400 theatres, with a population of 600,000. Its public library consisted of 700,000 volumes. It was accidentally burned in the year 391 by Julius Cæsar.

THE COAL OIL PRODUCT.—Few persons are aware of the immense development made by the coal oil trade, or the large amount of capital invested in it. The principal expenditures are caused by the digging of wells, only a portion of which yield remunerative results. It has been computed by eminent engineers, well acquainted with the trade, that no less than 20,000 wells have thus far been dug in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, an aggregate cost of $192,000,000. They have yielded about 98,000,000 barrels of oil, valued at the wells at $200,000,000, or $400,000,000 at the seaboard. These figures show how valuable this deposit has been to the State, and how the railroads of the country have been benefited by transporting these vast supplies.

ARTIFICIAL WINE.—Champagne drinkers will read with much interest, not wholly unmixed with misgiving, the details of an ingenious and profitable industry which owes its origin to the scientific enterprise of a Belgian "chemical expert." We refer to the "fabrication of artificial champagne, without using wine," a process which results in a compound sold at the modest price of 5 pence to 6 pence per bottle, and retailed, to quote the words of the circular before us, at a great many establishments at Paris, such as coffee-houses, concerts, balls, eating houses, &c., at the price of five to six shillings per bottle. It is described by its inventor as a "wholesome and racy production, owing to the analysis of the sparkling wines of Epernay, Aye, and Sillery," a source which at first sight seems but remotely connected with the effect. The meaning of the writer, however, is probably that the chemical constituents of these wines, as obtained by analysis, enter in the same proportion into the "fabricated" beverage.

TURKISH FIRE AND FIREMEN.—It was in consequence of the great fire of 1870, and of the alarm afterward felt at every recurrence of the fire signal, that the new brigade service was at length established, many of the former touloumbadjis being enrolled in it. When reduced to discipline and order their courage and energy are found most valuable in quelling the flames, instead of being very frequently exerted as hitherto in breaking one another's heads; and it often happened, under the old regime, that two rival companies of half-naked firemen, rushing wildly through the streets, yelling and shouting and carrying all before them, would meet at some cross road, and setting down their little painted pumps engage in a free fight, utterly oblivious of the conflagration to which they were both bound. Throughout the history of Constantinople destructive fires have occurred frequently that most parts of the city are said to have been renewed every ten years; the new houses are run up upon the ashes of the former buildings, and it is for this reason that, comparatively speaking, so few remains of great antiquity are brought to light; they lie buried fifteen or twenty feet below the present level of the ground, and it is only when excavating for the foundations of some structure of great importance, or in the cutting of a railway, that the workmen come upon the masonry and sculpture of Greek and Roman times.

THE CARNIVAL IN PERU.—It would require a man of wide and varied experience to describe how they "play at carnival in Peru." The sun all have to himself to get as much wild enjoyment out of the three days of license as possible. A lady may receive a little scented water from a delicate syringe, or she may receive the contents of a bottle of pickles and the yolk of an egg on the crown of her head; she may stand in her balcony and pelt the passers by with egg shells filled with sweet things, or she may find her house invaded, and herself placed gently in a wet bath. Through the streets of Lima is to institute a drenching, either from these very conservical balconies, or from the brawny negress who coolly awaits your coming with a pail of water, which she empties right over you. In the country the object is the same, but the means sometimes differ. At Matucana, a poor little Chola, coming along with a few potatoes, is seized and laid lengthwise on the stream which runs by the side of the railway. Another, who has "played" offener, stands knee deep in the same stream, with a calabash and to her descends a man with a wooden bucket and for half an hour they dash water at each other, resting at intervals to recover breath. Here a gentleman has a handful of bitter herbs, which he rubs into the teeth and mouth of his lady love, while that lady's friend deftly inserts between his shirt and skin a handful of nettles. But she does not escape harmless for, just as she has planted the nettles well home, her mouth is filled with blue paint mixed into a paste. They seem to enjoy it.

FOR ALL LUNG DISORDERS, as well as Complaints of the Throat, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is certainly a palliative, and often a curative, as the testimony of thousands and the world-wide reputation attests. For Coughs of a chronic nature or more effective remedy can be found.

CHRISTMAS RECORDS.

AGED ONE.

Good time, I imagine.
Perhaps not—who knows!

AGED TWO.

Very misty—can't remember.
What took place in that December.

AGED THREE.

A dreamy vision through the fog.
Of a rag doll and a wooly dog.

AGED FIVE.

Christmas trees and mince pies.
Less fog and clearer skies.

AGED SEVEN.

Dancing pumps and flowing curls.
Indistinct hops with baby girls.

AGED TEN.

After the holidays going to school.
An daily jolly—no more home rule.

AGED FOURTEEN.

Home for the holidays with the track
Of foreign rule upon my back.

AGED SEVENTEEN.

No more school. Oh happy day.
A college man has his own way.

AGED NINETEEN.

Fifth vacation this last year.
Came home to be dissatisfied.
Inactive ordered country air.
And therefore I was "confined."

AGED TWENTY-THREE.

Palm trees and tropic glades,
Coral reefs and dusky maids.

AGED TWENTY-FIVE.

Orange blossoms and misty veils—
Vast by the arrow that never fails.

AGED THIRTY.

Steady now, settled at last.
Work for the future—dream of the past.

AGED FORTY.

Wife and children 'round the hearth
Sweeten life and cheer the path.

AGED FIFTY.

Losing hair, miss'd aims!
Begin to think "all flesh is grass."

AGED SIXTY.

Bald and grizzled now, but still
Gliding smoothly down the hill.

AGED SEVENTY.

Near the bottom of the slope,
Near the golden old river
That takes each worn-out gift of life.
And bears it to the Giver.

My Holiday Patient;

OR,

A DESPERATE CASE.

I.

I am one of those women who, being endowed with a love of knowledge, a dispositon to gratify it, and means, mental pecuniary and otherwise, of accomplishing that object, have devoted to serious study the years which most persons of my sex give to croquet, kettledrums, and other matrimonial machinations.

It is not, however, my purpose in these pages to deliver a homily upon the higher education of women, therefore, leaving my personal views and social creed undefended, I pass on without further preface to the simple relation of certain facts which I have undertaken to make public in the following story.

Having taken at a continental university the medical degree which my own country denied me I quitted forever the scene of my student life, and started on my journey homeward. The fatigue and excitement caused by my recent examinations had impaired my health and wanted my brain to such an extent that I judged it best, instead of proceeding directly to England, to pass a fortnight or three weeks in a holiday ramble through a few of the loveliest and most noted of the many tourist resorts in Germany. It was late Autumn, warm and sunny, the very weather for the purpose, and pleasant anticipations of enjoyment lightened my heart as I completed the first stage of my journey to Zurich, and entered the portals of the gilded hotel at the little lake town I had chosen as my resting place for that night.

When I had removed my traveling dress and ordered my dinner, the waiter brought me the hotel visitors' book, an official looking tome of portentous size, in which he politely requested me to write my name, and it was with a feeling of natural and irrepressible gratification which the sympathetic reader will surely condone, if, as I found myself for the first time in my life enabled to make public use of the honorable prefix my late toils had earned, and to sign myself "M. D." after the fashion of the waiter aforesaid, "Dr. Mary Thornton."

The hotel proved to be so comfortable, and the town so agreeable, that I speedily resolved to prolong my stay. Luxuriating in a new sense of idleness and irresponsibility, I amused myself by observing the habits and appearance of the tourists who came and went at the house, and in a very short time had begun to take special interest in a certain English party who had arrived only a few days before myself and who occupied rooms upon my floor. This party consisted of a gentleman in the prime of life, tall and well bred in manner who sat next to me every day at the table d'hote, a pale, fragile looking lady, evidently an invalid, who took all her meals in her own room, and a serving maid whose manner was somewhat pert, and whose aspect I thought unprepossessing. My interest in the gentleman was entirely due to the concern I felt for his wife, and to the compassion I awakened in me by the sight of her sweet colorless face and emaciated form. Her feeble condition appeared to preclude her not only from frequenting the public rooms downstairs, but even from outdoor exercise save on very rare occasions when she was accompanied by her husband More often I met her in the corridor leading to her apartment, promenading to and fro on the arm of her maid, and wearing a quiet subdued and mournful look which seemed never to vary, and which caused my heart to yearn secretly towards her that I doubt not my glances involuntarily expressed the warmth of my compassion. One afternoon, as I sat at the open window of the visitors' salon, sunning myself in the warm October light and lazily toying with a German novel, the pale lady's husband passed through the room, carrying his hat and cane, and went out into the street. Not ten minutes afterwards the serving maid entered, and to my great surprise walked up to me without the least hesitation, and handed me a note bearing the inscription, "Dr. Mary Thornton."

"From my mistress, ma'am," said she, and stood waiting.

Much perplexed, I opened the missive, and found that its contents, written in German, and in a fine, delicate hand, indicative of timidity and weakness of character, ran as follows

"Pray pardon the liberty I take in addressing you thus, and judge it the excuse I have to offer does not justify my lack of ceremony. I have learned from the hotel servants that you are a physician, and beg that you will be so kind as to favor me with a professional visit, with as little time as possible. The language in which I write is unknown to my maid, but I am aware that you are conversant with it, and it is extremely important that the purport of this note, and your visit to me—if you are good enough to comply with my request—should be concealed from both her and Dr. Pomeroy (the gentleman whom you have seen with me). He so kind, therefore, as to pretend that I have partly missed in you an old friend of school fellow whose acquaintance I wish to renew, and come in my room in that character. The ruse will blind my maid; she will leave us together We can then converse at our ease, and I shall be able to explain to you the very grave reasons which compel me to observe this secrecy on the subject of your profession. The kindly encouragement and I have noticed in your face and manner witnessed we have chanced to meet each other, assures me that I may count on your kindly help and advice.

ADA POMEROY.

If I had felt some surprise when the maid handed me this letter, the situation was certainly not mitigated by its perusal. My first impulse was, it must be confessed, to decline any participation in an affair which my instinct told me promised to be of an exceedingly unpleasant and indelicate nature. But this selfish consideration speedily yielded to more worthy feelings. I recalled the pallid face and the fragile form, the sadness and depression of manner which had so often touched me in this poor lady, and the remembrance nerved me to encounter any redtape which might await me on behalf of so interesting a patient I drew a pencil from my pocket, and wrote in German upon the blank sheet of her letter—

"I will come at once. Rely on my ob serving your caution.

MARY THORNTON."

Then, adopting my correspondent's slang gestion, I said, as I put my answer into the maid's hand, "Your mistress is, I find an old school fellow of mine. She has recognized me, and wishes me to go and see her. This is to say I am coming."

In speaking these words I assumed a foreign mode of pronunciation, intending, by the affectation of German nationality to justify to her the use of that language in the note she had brought me.

Evidently unsuspicious, the maid retired with my message, and after a brief interval sufficient to prepare her mistress for my visit. I proceeded upstairs, tapped lightly at the invalid's door, and was at once admitted.

She was seated in an arm chair, her head resting on a cushion, her hands hanging listlessly at her sides, and her whole appearance exhibiting melancholy and exhaustion. Upon seeing me enter the room she made a slight movement like an at tempt to rise and a sudden flush over spread her cheeks and throat

"Do not disturb yourself, pray!" cried I, still using my broken English for the edification of the maid, who stood beside her mistress, "you must not use any ceremony to me" Ah, how glad I am to see you again!" [illegible]

She cast a grateful look at me, murmured a few unintelligible words, and motioned me to a chair opposite her own. In order to act at her ease, and facilitate the course of our plot, I carried on the conversation for some minutes in the coarse of my student life, and chatted on my journey homeward. The fatigue and excitement caused by my recent examinations had impaired my health and wanted my brain to such an extent that I judged it best, instead of proceeding directly to England, to pass a fortnight or three weeks in a holiday ramble through a few of the loveliest and most noted of the many tourist resorts in Germany It was late Autumn, warm and sunny the very weather for the purpose and pleasant anticipations of enjoyment lightened my heart as I completed the first stage of my journey to Zurich, and entered the portals of the gilded hotel at the little lake town I had chosen as my resting place for that night.

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Evidently unsuspicious, the maid returned

PREJUDICE.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

When the party arrived at the Crawford House, in the heart of the White Mountains, Mr. Erling and the boys found full employment in climbing up the hills and strolling about to the many places of interest in which the vicinity abounds; but as Mr. Arnold was not able to bear much fatigue, his earlier walks were confined to carriage driving and short walks, accompanied by his wife, resting when weary, on the broad piazza at the hotel.

It had been the design of Aletta to share with the boys in their explorations, and in compliance with an expressed wish of her father's, she set out with them on their first expedition, after whispering with Tom to the effect that she should expect to receive all the assistance she might require, from his hands alone. How great, then, was her mortification, to find herself entirely dependent on Mr. Erling for help over all the hard places, both the boys being too intent on their own pleasures to give a thought to their sister, any further than to wish she was not such a hindrance to Mr. Erling. After one day spent with them she returned to the hotel, thoroughly disgusted, and made up her mind to avoid that, rather than subject herself to a like humiliation, she would confine herself to her father's side, partaking only of such pleasures as he was able to enjoy. Therefore, she contented herself with occasional walks down the rocky road through the Notch, gathering wild strawberries, or fishing for trout in the little stream under the surveillance of the "Old Man of the Mountain."

Aletta's enjoyment of her trip fell so far short of what she had anticipated that she found herself almost unconsciously, wishing the journey was over, and that she was once more at home again with her dear friend Marcia, that she might have the pleasure of relating to her the many trials she had passed through from the hateful presence of Mr. Erling. Poor girl! She was denying herself many pleasures, from a fanciful dislike to her father's friend.

An ascent of Mt. Washington was to be made, before the party left the Crawford, by the bridle path on the sure-footed horses, trained for that purpose. Aletta was anxious to go, and any of the visitors at the house would gladly have taken charge of her, but Mr. Arnold thought a girl of fifteen years was entirely too young to be entrusted to the care of strangers, especially when she had the good fortune to be able to go under the protection of Mr. Erling and her brothers. As she had either to go with them, or stay at home, Aletta's choice was soon made, and she retired to her chamber, where she remained the whole day, having cried herself into a violent headache.

The twilight was coming on, and Aletta, rising from her bed, seated herself by her chamber window that looked out on the piazza. She was about to draw the curtain aside, when the sound of voices attracted her attention. Mr. Erling and Tom were sitting almost beneath her on the outside of the window.

"I cannot think what ails our pretty Aletta," she heard Mr. Erling say. "Is she always so averse to exercise, or is it out of affection she stays so closely by her father's side? She is strangely reserved, for such a young girl, and I am afraid I can never make her sociable with me."

"Oh!" answered Tom, "Lettie is full of strange fancies, and no one can understand her. Once she nearly cried her eyes out because she thought her hair was turning red, and she would not speak to me for a week, because I told her that when the change was completed she could cut the hair off to keep my hands warm! One must be on his good behavior to stand well in her estimation."

"You did not deserve she should speak to you for a month, Tom. She looks kind and amiable, and, as to her hair, it is beautiful. You ought to have your sister."

"Well," returned Tom, "we do love her well enough, but she is so very precise!" And, as they rose from the seat and walked away, their voices were lost in the distance. Aletta dressed herself, and went down to the supper table, feeling very much as if she had chosen the wrong path, and was herself to blame that she had found more thorns than roses since she left her home in the city.

Our party having visited all the different resorts in Franconia, took a short trip to Lake Winnipisogee, passing up its placid waters to Wolfborough, and stopping on their return at Centre Harbor on the border of the lake. Mr. Erling insisted that Aletta should ascend the mountain at that place, to enjoy the fine view of the surrounding country, and, much to the surprise of all, she yielded a willing assent to the proposal. She found herself feeling more kindly towards Mr. Erling since she had overheard him talking on the piazza, and could look forward to Amanda Lee she could lay aside her dislike of him if he were not so unpolished.

The lad now arrived for Mr. Arnold and his family to return home. The boys had spent their time most delightfully and were full of fun and glee! Thanks to Mr. Erling for his kindness to them, and for the instruction they had gathered from his conversation and geological knowledge. Mr. Arnold's health was quite restored, and as his friend Erling was going to Boston, stopping at New Haven as he passed by, and as Mrs. Arnold and the children had never visited either city, Mr. Arnold resolved to accompany him.

Mr. Erling expected to find his trunks at New Haven. In this he was not disappointed, and, throwing off his rough garb, he made quite a distinguished appearance in a handsome suit of fashionable clothing, and looked so much younger that Aletta was quite overcome with surprise.

"I do not know," he said, addressing Aletta, "but that I owe you an apology for my somewhat rough appearance during our trip; but I was not aware that you and your mamma were of the party. Now, as we are approaching city life again, I will try to make amends for any offence of which I may have been guilty. I expect to meet at Boston a young friend of mine, with whom I shall take great pleasure in making you acquainted, and I hope we shall spend some pleasant hours together there."

After passing a day or two at New Haven, our party took their way to Boston and put up at the Revere House, where they obtained pleasant rooms. The ladies had the comforts of a bath after their long ride, and, in fresh clothing, felt like themselves again. In a short time a knock at their chamber-door announced the presence of Mr. Erling, who was waiting to convey Aletta to the parlor, to meet the young lady he had before spoken about.

It was not without reluctance that Aletta accompanied him, but what was her surprise upon entering the parlor to find her self in the arms of Marcia Welding.

"Oh, you dear Aletta!" she cried, "just to think of your being with Uncle Jack all this time! I have been waiting here for him ever so long, and could just as well have gone with him had I only known he was accompanying you. But he never told me because, he says, he wanted to give us a surprise. Uncle Jack—well, he has disappeared! Such delicacy now? He thinks we want to have a chat to ourselves, and we we do, don't we? Such a darling Uncle Jack! Now, tell me, love, isn't he delightful? Oh! I know you have enjoyed his society so much! He is not old at all, only just thirty, and he has recovered all his fortune—only think of that!"

Aletta was covered with confusion, and looked every where except into the face of her friend.

"Oh! your darling!" cried Marcia. "You need not blush so! Just tell me what you think of him at once!"

Aletta's feelings found vent in a great flood of tears.

"I am thoroughly ashamed of myself," she cried, between her sobs. "You will hardly believe me when I tell you that I was so prejudiced against your uncle because of his mountain dress that I lost all the pleasure I might have enjoyed during my whole trip, besides making myself thoroughly ridiculous!" And another flood of tears poured from her eyes.

"April showers! April showers!" cried Tom, as he and Mr. Erling came in "I hope it is going to clear up soon!"

"Why, Uncle Jack," said Marcia, "you never told Aletta who you were at all. It is a great shame!" And Marcia, too, had tears in her eyes threatening to fall.

"Well, the fact is," answered Mr. Erling, "you had been singing my praises so loudly that I was anxious Aletta should discover some of my great, good qualities without knowing I was Uncle Jack! It is all right now. Dry up the tears, for there's a carriage waiting at the door to take us out for a drive."

[THE END.]

QUEER PARISIAN PROFESSIONS.

Two of the oldest Paris trades, partaking alike of the hawking and literary avocations, are the "public writer" and "second hand bookseller. The former is of great assistance to cooks who get confused in the percentages they exact from their tradespeople and the total of their weekly bills. The latter have been called "undertakers of dead novels," and the deep boxes in which the same lie buried "coffins of literature. The literary profession opens a series of industries. One of them is the adaptation of sensational pieces to village playhouses and fair booths. A play cutter has an aspect and physiognomy peculiarly his own; a tragic expression and soft high crowned beaver, considerably knocked in. Different, very different, is the personal appearance of "bridegroom poet." He is always in broad cloth and wears a white neckcloth rendered pleasant by a beaming smile. The marriage poet is an enterprising dealer in rhymes. He rises and walks straight to the different marries, visiting each in turn, before he copies the names of the betrothed whose banns have been published. He keeps a cool eye on all their proceedings through the routine of matrimonial bureaucracy. When they have reached the day of their final publication and are pulled off by the municipal walls, he composes a sonnet of four or six or eight lines, according to the position of the bridegroom, and sends it to the happy mortal. The sonnet is all about the virtues, beauty and the color of the bride's eyes. The bridegroom is flattered, he does not know that the same verse has been copied off for all the couples to be united in Paris on the same day. He is wingfooted and satisfied, and a hard thing indeed it would be if on instigating an inquiry into the author's circumstances and on hearing he is a "ruined gentleman" he could not afford to send the well wisher a gratuity of at least five francs!

The writer of biographies is another literary shark, fed by the vanity of "new" men. A "new" man is one who has been honored with a *decoration*, or one who has been accidently brought to light by accident or a talent hitherto ignored. No sooner has the name of the unfortunate man appeared in print than a hive of famished wretches start ascertaining the day, month and year of his birth, his age and condition. A species of biography is thus put together and sent in to the victim, who finds all his "remarkable" career, his family and his wife's family misrepresented, his fortune miscalculated, and the whole ends with an application for "corrections" of false statements. If the patient condescends to point out deficiencies he will have to pay for having ordered a biography. If he disdain to reply, the untruthful reports are spread, on the ground that they were not contradicted when submitted to the subject under study, in the national biographies.

Pictures for Fond Mothers.

Nude photographs are being taken for proud Hartford mothers, according to the correspondent of the Boston *Herald*. Only a short time ago a lady brought to a leading photographer two handsome little girls, aged four and six respectively, and had a number of stereoscopic views of them a nude state, the little ones being posed in various classic attitudes. From the ease in with which they placed themselves it was evident that they had received preparatory training at home. With a strong light thrown upon them, splendid effects were produced, the figures standing out as clear and distinct as statues of marble. A dozen fanciful photographs of three or four younger children of a family had been made in varied groupings, the youngsters, both boys and girls, being quite as well pleased with the results as their admiring parents. In the case of children who have passed babyhood it is not the pictures being seen beyond the sacred privacy of the family circle, and in the cases of the two little girls mentioned the negatives were demanded and taken away by the mother.

Is this world a man is likely to get what he gives. Men's hearts are like a whispering gallery to you. If you speak softly a gentle whisper comes back; if you scold, you get scolded. With the measure you mete it is measured to you again.

—Baroness de Bunsie re, daughter of Benjamin Hollada, the California millionaire, died Sunday, in New York city, from pneumonia. She was about twenty five years of age.

Nourishing Blood.

The blood imparts to the body the elements which are essential to its existence. When these are in sufficiently supplied, its energies begin to flag, there is a loss of flesh, the muscles grow flaccid, the digestive powers lose vigor—every function is disturbed, every organ weakened. Under these circumstances, it is obvious that the constitution must soon give way unless the vital fluid is enriched. To accomplish this object, recourse should be had without delay to that grand fertiliser of the blood, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes assimilation of the food, and is the means of rendering the circulation rich and active. The good effects of the great tonic are speedily apparent in a gain of bodily vigor and mental energy. A regular action of the various organs also results from its use, the good work of bodily reform goes rapidly on, and eventually health is established upon a sure basis.

To the Public.

The manufacturer of the Leotard, the only English exhibitor in the late Centennial who manufactured in Washington Mill, is about to leave for England, and offers the genuine recipe to make the Leotard at a cost of Five Cents a Bottle.

The preparation is infallible, simple to make, and will repair anything in a minute.

Storekeepers should keep it in stock.

Each bottle will make 20 gallons, and need be estimated it is only necessary to obtain perfect, but show cause and coffee stronger.

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents, by Leather, Fresh Flowers, Artificial Flowers, Ivory, Merchantman, &c., &c. It is indispensable.

Send 25, and the genuine recipe will be thankfully sent and returned. Address Mrs. E. Merchant at this office.

We are informed that Mr. D. F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., was cured of Kidney Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes and diseases during the last thirty days of his life, by using Hop Bitters. His case was a most singular one, and his physician, after he had used a few bottles entirely lost control of his kidneys, and was a few days unable to pass water, and suffered intensely. He also sends them on half-month trial, to prove merit, before payment and pay freight charges, and wait if any was unsatisfactory. Weekly and monthly payments. Write them for terms. Mr. Beatty's last gift to address him at Washington, N. J., for his Centennial Family Newspaper and his new confidential circular to the trade. Both sent free to all who write. Address Mrs. E. Merchant at this office.

Among the many testimonials received by PONDS EXTRACT from people in every rank of life are those of Hon. Wm. Cullen Bryant, Justice Supreme Court, N. Y.; Hon. Cornelius Grant, Major, Brigade, U. S. A.; Hon. Wm. Sprague, Governor, Rhode Island; Joseph H. Sprague, Mayor, Hartford, Conn.; Chas. H. Pratt, Esq., Mayor, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Asher Anderson, Plainfield, N. Y.; Hon. Wm. Dennison, Ex-Gov. Ohio; Hon. Wm. Nashua, N. H.; J. Stanford House, N. Y.; Dr. Francis Wharton, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Wm. Tarrytown, N. Y.; W. F. Lewis, Pottsville, N. Y., and others.

CAUTION.—Some unscrupulous tradesmen, desirous of making a larger profit, have imitated the name of POND'S EXTRACT, the form of the bottle, and the yellow wrapper. All such preparations are base imitations, being made from Witch Hazel. They are far inferior in strength, quality and medicinal virtues to the old original POND'S EXTRACT. Beware of all such impositions! Insist upon POND'S EXTRACT. Take no other. Be sure the words "POND'S EXTRACT" are blown in the bottle, and that the Trade Mark is on surrounding wrapper.

GIVEN AWAY.—A superb pair of 6x4 Chromos, worth 10 cents each, and a valuable sample of Worth's Original Dandelion Blood Purifier, a standing endorsement of 30 years, all sent free by mail. Only 10 cents. Stamps taken; no postage. The publishers, J. L. Nichols & Co., 30 William St., N. Y., guarantee every one Double Value of Money sent, or 50 cents in prizes, and will pay given to agents. Write at once.

RELIABLE help for weak and nervous sufferers. Chronic, painful and lingering diseases cured without medicine. Patronize the Electric Belts, the greatest boon to suffering humanity. Pamphlet, with particulars, mailed free. Address PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, O.

1877, BEATTY, 1878.

$340 Organ for Only $95.

Style No. 1,425. BEATTY'S EXTRA GRAND PANELLED SOLID WALNUT CASE PARLOR ORGAN. Fine raised panels, highly polished French Walnut face, elaborately finished, serpentine cornice, five octaves, 13 stops, 10 set reed organ. 2. Principal Forte; 3, Dulcet; 4, Diapason; 5, Dulciana; 6, Flute; 7, Vox Humana; 8, Flute; 9, Violina; 10, Diulciana; 11, Reber; 12, Sub-Bass; 13, Coupler. Height, 6 feet. Handsome organ Knee Swell, and Beatty's New and Improved Method of Reeding Knee Swell. Weight, boxed, 500 pounds.

Agents' Regular Retail Price only $340.

I will sell during the holiday season, boxed and delivered on cars this magnificent parlor organ, brand new, retail price $340, for $95.00, cash, with ordinary money back guarantee of New York draft or cash. Or, if preferred, I will send the organ on 10 days' test trial. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways if not satisfactory. You can order direct from this advertisement, with perfect confidence, or write for further particulars. Or, if you prefer to wait for the holiday offer, you can do so, and order at your leisure. Special holiday offer now ready on all styles of the world-renowned BEATTY PIANO, Grand, Square and Upright, and BEATTY'S celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Church, Hall, and Grand Cabinet Organs. Over sixty thousand now in actual use in all parts of the world, and all giving perfect satisfaction. Warehouse-honed, most perfect piano and organ action ever manufactured in this or any other country. Unchallenged by the world to equal them. Beatty's Illustrated Newspaper, 24 pages, 56 columns, 32 fine illustrations, sent free. Latest offers, retail price $90, only $30. Elegant Rosewood Piano, 7 octaves, 3 unisons, 2 sets strings, overstrung scale, full iron frame, only $165. Magnificent $500 Cabinet Organs, only $95. Parlor Organs, retail price $250, only $65. Elegant Piano Cases, only $65. Very fine 7-octave Pianos, only $85. Better organs to be made, and I challenge competition. Best holiday offer ever made. Sales now over 100,000. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey. Never before in the history of this trade has any house attempted anything like the results that I have furnished in this year, a constantly increasing trade each month greater than the previous months for five months. Thousands of my celebrated Pianos and Organs have, during the year 1877, made their way to churches, halls, seminaries, colleges, and happy homes throughout the land, and to every part of the world. Saratoga, New York, Long Branch, Newport, and all the fashionable and other resorts are thronged with Beatty Pianos and Organs, the attraction of the unrivalled musical qualities of which have commanded, as they are, the highest encomiums of the Musical Progress of Florida, in the Parlors of the Millionaire, in the Log Cabin of the Settler, on the Pacific Slope, on the Lofty Mountains of the Territories, in the Sunny Clime of Canada, and in the Far-off Isles of the Ocean. Never before in the history of this trade has any house accomplished

HERBS AND THE COBBLER.

BY MARY A. DODGE.

A cobbler, weary of pegging his thread,
Sits smoking his pipe by the chimney log,
While the mellowing glow from the fire is shed
Red
Makes a charming picture of him and his dog.

His wife is shadow, moves round the room
To finish the toil with the dawn begun.
For, though with the daylight she quitted the loom,
The work of the woman is scarcely done.

Now, resting her broom, that over and o'er
Had fell the grip of a thrifty hand,
She summons her good man to the door.
"Husband, husband, it storms. The lave I
stand
I mark the sound of a sore distress
That calleth for comfort." "Truth," cries he,
"'Is a weariesome wall, and if to bless
Be ours the portion, 'tis well to see."

Soon Hans and his Gretchen into the night
Go hasting along in an earnest way,
Lit by the gleam of their lantern bright
And the hope that is warmed by a maiden's
ray.

And the little brown dog, before, behind,
Runs, barking at nothing as dogs will do,
Seeking, as well as he may, to find
Whatever it may're smiling the darkness
through.

Nearer and nearer the sound is heard;
Yet hasten not quicker the hurrying feet,
Truly those good folks have not erred,
And now they are sure 'tis a man that calls
For grace in the yawning earth anon!
There only for them he had waited in vain,
Lies a fallen traveller spent with fear,
Trapped in the dusk by an open drain.

Strong is the helpful hand put down
Into the unseen with a kind intent;
Soft the compassion with which is thrown
The light of the lantern into the cleft;
Even the dog with pity is still,
As the burden is lifted to purer air,
And Hans with a Christian heart and will
Shoulders the freight he is fain to bear.

From the cobbler's home in the morning sun,
Their guest departeth, while Hans and his wife
Are full of content that they have done
Something to succor a kindred life.
Still, little they know that their charity-deed
Had stirred to gratitude one whose name
Makes the gift that he sends them fruitful
indeed
Of treasure, born of an artist's fame

Little they dreamed Verne Moreton that fell
(After bidding good night to his friend Jan
Steen)
Blinded by darkness, into the well,
And little they thought when they took him
home
To a pitiful waif, to shelter and feed,
That fortea a hundred and eight times
told,
Would drop, as manna, to sate their need,
Out of a picture quickly sold!

Yet so to the cobbler—guerdon meet—
And the cobbler's wife and the little brown
dog,
Who lay as before at his master's feet
When the red glow flared from the chimney
log
Came blessing and fortune.
"Wife," quoth he,
And his thankful mood God's word
suffused
"To the letter, if ye do it, ye do it to Me.
We helped the painter, but worked for
Christ!"

—[Frans Mieris, born at Leyden, 1635.]

Tom's Christmas Gift.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

The glad season of joy and festivity—Christmas, had returned with its burden of pleasures to the high and lowly. All over the big city of Philadelphia were seen the unfailing signs of the bustling holiday. The shops were full of eager purchasers, and the streets thronged by thousands, busily engaged in either sight seeing or prospecting to buy.

The weather was beautiful, and such was its effect, that the faces which always appeared pale at this season of Yuletide, appeared more blithesome than ever.

Among the many who were making extra efforts to honor the occasion fittingly, were the Lloyds. They lived in the west ern part of the city, and consisted of the mother, two grown sons, and a distant relative, Annie Sweet, an orphan, reared by Mrs. Lloyd from childhood. In fact, she had been so long with them that she was looked upon by all as one of of the family, and Annie's interests were as near and dear as if she had really been a daughter and a sister.

The two boys—Tom and Sam, were ma chinists, working in Washburne's, one of the largest establishments in the section where they resided. They earned fair wages, for both were good mechanics, though Tom was by far the best. An affection to this advantage, however, which long before might have made him foreman of the works, he was very intemperate and careless. Indeed, valuable as he was to his employer, this failing would have caused his discharge had not Mr. Washburne thought that, as a matter of course his brother would have also left, and, rather than permit this, he suffered his irregularities. As it was, therefore, the principal discomfort attending Tom's periodical "sprees," so far as he experienced them himself, was a tendency to be continually in want of money.

At home and abroad he was what is generally known as a "clever fellow," and it happened that peculiar faculty of listening quietly to any amount of advice, and then forgetting all about it, no matter whence the advice came. His mother, brother, employer and others had frequently reasoned with him, upon his folly, but, though he was attentive and polite to courtesy and their arguments, he was just as careful not to put them in practice. Even the prayers of Annie Sweet, who had more influence over him in his drunken moments than anyone, were just as unheeded as the rest.

It was the week before the great day, and already its rumble was heard in the speculations of the Lloyd household, as to what it would bring forth. One thing, however, was certain, concerning their foster sister. It might have been the fact that, with the New Year she would be sixteen, or it may merely have been the expression of their old good will, but Mrs. Lloyd and her eldest son each determined on secretly making her a more than ordinarily attractive present.

Tom, half stupid, was present at the family conclave where this resolution was passed, but he said nothing. Still, there shone a strange light in his eye, and some thing very like a cloud of sorrow seemed to cross over his face.

This debauch had continued a week, and only when he ran out of means did he stop. It was usual with him to so signalize the season by a "spree" of unusual dimensions, starting several weeks before Christmas, and concluding well into the New Year, thus, "bunching," as it were, the festive opportunities of both. By a little practicing in this instance, however, he found himself out of funds, the machine works closed until the end of the month, and his most exacting occasions before him. This combination of unfavorable circumstances was probably in his mind's eye, as he listened to the pros and cons of his mother and brother about Annie's gifts, and no doubt did something to brighten his eye and darken his handsome countenance.

A day or two afterward Mrs. Lloyd and Sam set out with miserably inadequate excuses on some mysterious errand to the city. Tom and Annie were thus left alone. The former was quite sober, though complaining of fever, and had been usually thoughtful for some time. Annie was at the sewing machine, and Tom sitting on the lounge, as others left the house, but when the front door closed upon them, he said:

"Annie, will you come here a moment? I want to speak to you."

His voice sounded strangely to the girl's ears, but she rose at once and placed herself beside him.

"I intended," he began, and his effort to repress his feelings was only too apparent in his trembling tones, "to have given you something this year, to show you how deeply obliged I am to you for what you have done and said for my good, for you will soon probably be wanting to leave us. But, luck is against me, and you will have to take the will for the deed. Yet I want you to know," and he spoke he clasped both her hands tremblingly in his own, "that if I cannot show my good will to wards you the way I would like, you are dearer to no one than you are to me. have not, perhaps, hitherto taken the right way to prove it. Still, no one knows, Annie, what is to be. You, and others, have seen me at my worst, but—"

The girl saw he was becoming excited, for, having been without any of his usual stimulants for a day, his nerves were utterly unstrung. She accordingly put her arm about his neck and tried to soothe him, as was her wont. The attempt was not without success, for he gradually became calmer, and their conversation became low and earnest, while both seemed deeply affected, and the Mephistopheles beside the clock, on the mantel, looked as if smiling, while the rapid hours plunged onward swiftly towards the night.

The evening lights gleamed from the neighbors' windows as Tom started into the dusky and walked toward the side door. But he halted as his hand was on the knob, and, turned to the girl now passionately weeping, and said:

"That is your reply? You will not, because I—because I am a drunkard."

There was no answer, but in the murky twilight he saw her head move in token of assent. In another moment he had passed into the steps and disappeared.

For a few minutes the silence of the apartment was only broken by heavy sobs. Then Annie hastily wiped her eyes and set about preparing supper for those coming home. They soon arrived in detachments of one, and had so much to tell concerning their own adventures that they did not notice now singularly silent the girl was, or wonder why she so persistently kept in the darkest corner of the room.

Tom did not return that night, nor the next day, nor the next. Still, this being nothing unusual, excited no alarm. He had often remained away from home for a week at a time. Therefore, except a remark of Sam's that "Tom at least might have feeling enough to be home Christmas Eve," his name was hardly mentioned.

About ten o'clock that night, when all had retired except Mrs. Lloyd, he entered noiselessly, and throwing his arms about her neck kissed her. She was accustomed to such demonstrations when he was in his cups, but it did not take her practiced eye long to see that he was now perfectly sober. She felt that something extraordinary must have happened, to give rise to such an excess of affection, and waited for him to speak, with a joyous suspicion she hardly dared credit, rising in her heart.

"Mother," he remarked at length, "you have all done your share towards making Annie's Christmas a happy one, and I am going to do mine. It must be strange, indeed, if yourself and Sam can show you appreciate what she has been to us, and I am an unlucky wretch if I don't succeed earnestly. "I see, intend to present her with something, and, God only knows what it has cost me!"

Mrs. Lloyd forbore questioning him, and he soon retired. There was a strange something in the bound of his feet as he ascended the stairs, that started a tune in her heart it had not sung for many a day.

The next morning was Christmas, and was, as most know it, and we would that all might know it—a fitting joy-overture for the glorious symphony of the day. The mother and Sam had fostered their loving offerings on the girl, who was speechless with joy and gratitude, when Tom came forward, and, drawing a paper from his bosom, handed it to Annie, with the words

"Tom's gift to Annie."

The proceeding was so sudden that, for a moment, no one spoke. Then Annie opened the missive and read its contents. The writing was written out by Francis Murphy, and signed by Thomas Lloyd, wherein the latter promised to abstain, with the help of God, from all intoxicating liquors during the rest of his life. As was evident from the date, he had borrowed money to go to Pittsburg to secure it. This was the cause of his three days' absence.

It would be impossible to describe the happiness that pervaded the Lloyd household. Let it suffice, then, to say, that it was such as might be expected. Another Christmas is coming round since then, and there is every prospect that one of Tom's gifts to Annie this year will be a wedding ring.

AFFAIR OF HONOR.

Perhaps there are few more fertile valleys in Europe than that of the once flourishing valley of the Tundja, in Bulgaria, lying between the greater and lesser ranges of the Balkans. Beneath the highest ranges, are the fields of roses, the glory of the valley, growing in crazy rows and forming long lines of hedges, four or five feet high. This valley, 130 miles in length, annually produces upwards of 1,800 lbs. to 2,000 lbs. weight of attar of roses, or one half the entire production of Turkey. The young, fresh blown roses are gathered, and hurried off before sunrise, the amount being determined by the labor at command, and the quantity which the cultivator can distil at one time. As the sun would soon dispel the scent, what is gathered must be distilled at once. In the first instance, the process is believed to be the still-set, our drama is a sort of low comedian.

Another author says that the original Punch was Pucelle d'Anielio, at Aberra, near Naples, and after whose death a Policenello, or young Pucelle, succeeded him.

PUPPET SHOWS.

Puppet plays are of very ancient date in England, and if they were not contemporary with the "Mysteries," they immediately succeeded them. There is reason to think that they did not scruple to enquire the churches, but that those sacred edifices were considered the fittest place for dramatic representations.

PUT A SPIDER IN HIS WEEK.

This phrase originated in the days in which the vehicle used in England had wheels of solid wood without spokes. As the horse is the most intelligent of the chains only, and he has no power of holding back when going down hill, the driver is provided with a piece of wood, to which is of the shape of the wooden pin used for rolling paste, for the purpose of dragging the front wheels of the vehicle. This piece of wood is known as a "spider," and when it is placed in the wheels has changed the character of the "spokes."

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.

This phrase has a purely ingitimate, if not a practical origin—a very curious mode of trying the little of land in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the law pays on either side put one of his feet, and then, on signal given, each of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. Hence the origin of the phrase.

PUBLIC A PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

The legal knowledge of the Philadelphia Bar is proverbial, and we presume that that explains the origin of the phrase. Colonel Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton,") is to Wrote in America says:

"It is not unusual among the lowest order in England, when any knotty point is presented for discussion, to say it would "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer." To do this, however, it must be hastily inferred that the bar could not a body of men more distinguished by acuteness and extensive professional knowledge than the members of the Philadelphia Bar."

Q.—R.

QUAKER, ORIGIN OF THE TERM.

One day, during the College Face, being at a lecture delivered in Derby, by a Colonel of the Parliament army, after the service was over, and the congregation was still there came an officer who took him by the hand and said that he and the two others that were with him must all go to the guard house. They were examined for a long time, and then Fox and one of his friends were committed to the House of Correction for six months. One of the Justices hearing Fox bidding him and those around them "quake and tremble at the word of the Lord," called Fox and his friends Quakers. It soon ran over all England, and it has since remained their distinctive appellation, much that, to the present time, they are recognized by this name in the laws, the phrase being used, "the people called Quakers." The community in its rules and minutes for government and discipline denominates itself "The Society of Friends."

QUIZ.

Very few words ever took such a run, or were applied to more purposes than the monosyllable Quiz; and, however strange the word, it is still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious, it is because it had no derivation, for it is derived from any language in the world ever known from Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres, he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day. Gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken before all through the principal streets of Dublin the next Monday next day, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language. The bet was taken, and the money deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and the supernumeraries he could muster, with chalk, they chalked on every door and shop-window in the town. Shops being shut all the next day, everybody asked the meaning of this mysterious word, and the consequence was that, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken before all through the principal streets of Dublin the next day, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language. The bet was taken, and the money deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and the supernumeraries he could muster, with chalk, they chalked on every door and shop-window in the town. Shops being shut all the next day